

THE  
MUSES FAREWEL  
TO  
Popery and Slavery,  
OR, A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
Miscellany Poems, Satyrs,  
Songs, &c.

Made by the most Eminent Wits of  
the Nation, as the Shams, Intreagues,  
and Plots of Priests and Jesuits gave  
occasion.

---

*Suis & ipsa Roma viribus ruit, Hor.*

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L O N D O N,

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O H V S th de

## To the Reader.

**I**F the Weather-Glas of the Virtuosi be in that kind useful; the several Papers which frequently come forth, are no less serviceable to the understanding the Constitution of Times.

These appear under several Titles, as Intelligences, Addresses, Petitions, Advices, Observations, (not to mention the Pulpit-Harangues, whose matter is often taken out of the forementioned, with the Form and Trimming peculiar to that sort of Speakers) to these may be added the Satyrs, which afford no less Instruction, tho' more of Diversification by the Advantage of Verse and Song.

Among the Antients, Satyr was in much esteem, being as a Faithful Looking-Glass of Humane Nature and Things, wherein the Vices, Ignorance, and Follies of all sort of Persons were fairly represented, which either Self-love would not suffer them to see, or the Interest and Flattery of others might endeavour to disguise.

Of later Times, the small remains of the Old Roman Spirit, tho' miserably opprest with the scandalous load of Priestly Government

albus puer

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Dec. 31 1615

## To the Reader.

ment, has taken the boldness to express its Re-sentiment of the Enormities of those Infallible Vicars, by the Persons of Pasquin and Marforio, who upon occasion do freely tax the Lewdness, Hypocrisie and Rapine of that Herd of Ecclesiasticks.

Our Neighbours the Dutch, being a People somewhat Phlegmatick, are us'd to express their Satyr by their Pencils; but our Nation, being of a Free and Jolly Temper, has been of long time accustom'd to ridicule the Reigning Follies of Particulars, and the Ill Actions and Miscarriages of Publick Persons by Lampoon and Song. To say nothing of the French and Spaniards, who oft-times are not sparing in that way.

It has been thought fit, the Present Times having given much occasion to this sort of Writing, to Collect the most considerable Pieces which have been Publish'd of this Nature, and it were to be wish'd that the like were done in those Things which relate to History and Arts for this common Reason, lest being neglected for their being Small, they should be lost, becoming the Prey of Time.

THE

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## MISCEL-

MISCELLANY POEMS.

THE  
Man of Honour.

Occasion'd by a Postscript of Pen's Letter.

NOT all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,  
A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown  
Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind  
Of him, who to strict Honour is enclin'd ;  
Though all the Pomp and Pleasure that does wait  
On publick Places and Affairs of State,  
Shou'd fondly court him to be base and great,  
With even Passions, and with settled Face  
He wou'd remove the Harlots false Embrace :  
Tho' all the Storms and Tempests should arise,  
That Church-Magicians in their Cells devise,  
And from their settled Basis Nations tear,  
He wou'd unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear ;  
Secure in Innocence contemn 'em all,  
And decently array'd in Honours, fall.

B

For

For this brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumley's Name*  
Shall stand the foremost in the List of Fame,  
Who first with steady Minds the Current broke,  
And to the suppliant *Monarch* boldly spoke.

Great Sir, renown'd for Constancy, how just  
Have we obey'd the *Crown*, and serv'd our Trust,  
Espous'd your *Cause* and *Interest* in distress,  
Your self must witness, and our Foes confess !

Permit us then ill *Fortune* to accuse,  
That you at last unhappy *Councils* use,  
And ask the only thing we must refuse.

Our *Lives* and *Fortunes* freely we'll expose,  
*Honour* alone we cannot, must not lose :  
*Honour*, that *Spark* of the Celestial *Fire*,  
That above *Nature* makes *Mankind Aspire* ;  
Ennobles the rude Passions of our Frame,  
With thirst of *Glory*, and desire of *Fame* ;  
The richest *Treasure* of a generous Breast,  
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.  
*Wit, Strength and Courage* are wild dangerous force,  
Unless this softens and directs their Course ;  
And would you rob us of the noblest part,  
Accept a Sacrifice without a *Heart* ?

'Tis much beneath the Greatness of a Throne,  
To take the *Casket* when the *Jewel's* gone ;  
Debauch our *Principles*, corrupt our Race,  
And teach the *Nobles* to be False and Base.  
What Confidence can you in them repose,  
Who, ere they serve you, all their *Value* lose ;  
Who once enslave their *Conscience* to their *Lust*,  
Have lost the *Reins*, and can no more be *Just*.  
Of Honour, Men at first, like Women Nice,  
Raile *Maiden-Scruples* at unpractis'd *Vice* ;  
Their modest Nature curbs the strugling *Flame*,  
And stifles what they *wish* to act, with *Shame*.  
But once this Fence thrown down, when they  
perceive it b'fore only pain, and disclaim it  
That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live ;  
They stop not here their Course, but safely in,  
Grow Strong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin ;  
True to no Principles, press forward still,  
And only bound by appetite their Will :  
Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails,  
But shift with every veering blast their Sails.  
Mark those that meanly truckle to your Power,  
They once defected and chang'd sides before,  
And would to morrow *Mahomet* adore !

On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,  
Free is their Service, and unbought their Love :  
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,  
With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey :  
When the rebellious Foe came rolling on,  
And shook with gathering Multitudes the Throne,  
Where were the Minions then ? What Arms,  
What Force  
Coud they oppose to stop the Torrents Course ?

Then *Pembroke*, then the Nobles firmly stood,  
Free of their Lives, and lavish of their Blood ;  
But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,  
With the same Constancy they all resign.

Thus spake the Youth, who open'd first the way,  
And was the *Phosphorus* to th' dawning day ;  
Follow'd by a more glorious splendid Hoast,  
Than any Age, or any Realm can boast :  
So great their Fame, so numerous their train,  
To name were endless, and to praise in vain ;  
But *Herbert* and great *Oxford* merit more,  
Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar ;  
So high, their Virtue as yet wants a name,  
Exceeding wonder, and surpassing Fame :

Rise,

Rise, glorious Church, erect thy radiant Head,  
The Storm is past, th' Impending Tempest fled :  
Had Fate decreed thy Ruine or Disgrace,  
It had not given such Sons, so brave a Race.  
When for Destruction Heaven a Realm designs,  
The Symptoms first appear in slavish Minds :  
These men would prop a sinking Nations weight,  
Stop falling Vengeance, and Reverse even Fate.  
Let other Nations boast their fruitful soil,  
Their fragrant spices, their rich Wine and Oil ;  
In breathing Colours, and in living paint  
Let them excel, their Mastery we grant.  
But to instruct the mind, to arm the Soul  
With Virtue which no dangers can controul ;  
Exalt the thought, a speedy Courage lend,  
That Horrour cannot shake, or pleasure bend :  
These are the *English* Arts, these we profess  
To be the same in Mis'ry and Success ;  
To teach Oppressors Law, assist the good,  
Relieve the Wretched, and subdue the Proud :  
Such are our Souls : But what doth Worth avail,  
When Kings commit to hungry Priests the Scale ?  
All Merit's light when they dispose the weight,  
Who either would embroil, or rule the State.

Defame those Hero's who their Yoke refuse,  
And blast that Honesty they cannot use ;  
The strength and safety of the Crown destroy,  
And the King's Power against himself employ :  
Affront his Friends, deprive him of the brave,  
Bereft of these he must become their Slave.  
Men, like our Money, come the most in play  
For being base, and of a coarse alloy.  
The richest Medals, and the purest Gold  
Of native Value, and exactest mold,  
By worth conceal'd, in private Closets shine,  
For vulgar use too precious and too fine,  
Whilst Tin and Copper with new stamping bright,  
Coin of base Metal, counterfeit and light,  
Do all the Busines of the Nations turn,  
Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn :  
So shining Vertues are for Courts too bright,  
Whose guilty Actions fly their searching light ;  
Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,  
Great without Pomp they willingly retire :  
Give place to Fools, whose rash misjudging fence  
Increases the weak measures of their Prince ;  
Prone to admire, and flatter him in ease,  
They study not his good, but how to please ;

They

They blindly and implicitly run on,  
Nor see those dangers which the others shun :  
Who slow to act, each business duly weigh,  
Advise with Freedom, and with Care obey ;  
With Wisdom fatal to their Interest strive  
To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive ;  
Such have no place where Priests and Women  
reign,  
Who love fierce Drivers, and a looser Rein.

---

## T H E

## VISION.

T'was at an hour when busie Nature lay  
Diffolv'd in slumbers from the noisy Day,  
When gloomy shades and dusky Atoms spread  
A darkness o'er the Universal Bed,  
And all the gaudy beams of light were fled ;  
My flutt'ring fancy 'midst the silent peace,  
Careless of *sleep*, and unconcern'd with *ease*,  
Drew to my wandring thoughts an object near,  
Strange in its *form*, and in *appearance* rare.  
Methought (yet sure it could not be a Dream,  
So real all its Imperfections seem )  
With *Princely* Port a stately *Monarch* came,  
*Airy* his mien, and *Noble* was his frame :  
A sullen sorrow brooded on his Brow ;  
He seem'd beneath some weighty Fate to bow ;  
*Distrust* and *Grief* upon his Eye-lids rest,  
And show the strugling troubles of his Breast.  
Upon

Upon his Head a nodding Crown he wore,  
And in his Hand a yielding Sceptre bore ;  
Forlorn and careless did his strokes appear,  
And every motion spoke a wild *Dispair*.

This mournful Scene did all my Passions move  
And challeng'd both my *pity* and my *love*,  
And yet I thought him by the ruins made  
Above my *pity*, and beyond my *aid* ;  
Long did he in a pensive silence stand,  
For sure his thoughts cou'd not his words com-  
mand :  
Too big for speech——  
Till sullen murmurs from his bosom flew,  
And thus a draught of his disorders drew.

*Almighty Powers !* By whose consent alone  
Ordain'd, I did ascend the *Regal Throne*,  
Led by your dark Decrees, and Conduct there,  
I, as your great *Viceroy*, did appear  
Beneath my charge, whilst crowding Nations  
fate,  
And bow'd and did admire my rising Fate :  
'Twas then my *Laurels* fresh and blooming  
grew,  
And a loud Fame of all my Glories flew ;

My

My willing Subjects bless and clap the day ;  
 The bravest and the best were all my friends,  
 Whilst Faction in confusion sneak'd away ; (ends  
 At distance grinn'd, but could not reach their  
 Such Faith unto my promises were shown,  
 My Word they took, for Oaths were useless grown ;  
 My very Word compos'd their hopes and fears,  
 Sacred 'twas held, and all *Serene* appears :  
 Until my *Fate* revers'd did backwards reel,  
 Blurr'd all my Fame, and alter'd Fortune's Wheel ;  
*Ye Gods !* Why did ye thus unconstant prove ?  
 Was I the Envy of th' Abodes above ?  
 Or was this stately Majesty but given  
 To be the Cheat and Flatt'ry ev'n of *Heaven* ?  
 Can ne'er a *Saint* implore Cœlestial aid ?  
 Nor yet the *Virgin Goddess* intercede ?  
 'Twas for her Cause engag'd I suff'ring lie ;  
 'Twas to advance *her* just *Divinity* :  
 Yes, I avow the *Quarrel* and the *Cause*,  
 'Twas for my *Faith*, and to out-cope the *Laws*.  
 I'de rather be forsaken and alone,  
 Than sit a *craving* Monarch on a *Throne* :  
 Let all my cringing Slaves at distance stand,  
 Fawn on th' Invading Foe, and kiss his Hand ;

Leave me their *Prince*, forsaken and forlorn,  
Expos'd to all their slights and publick scorn.  
Let after Ages judge the mighty Test,  
Judge the Magnifick Grandure of my breast.  
I saw my great forefather yet afore  
Seal all his Sacred Vows with *Martyr'd gore* ;  
His *Royal Issue* branded with disgrace,  
Saw all th'Efforts they us'd t'Exclude the Race :  
And yet these Terrors all I dare invade,  
Thus *Conscience*, thus *Religion* does persuade.  
I'll stand or fall by both those Tenets still,  
And be the second *Martyr* to my *Will* :  
And then he stop'd, his fiery Eye-Balls move,  
And thus with his resisting *Fate* he strove,  
And stood, like *Capaneus* Defying *Jove*.

When st freight a noise, from whence it came  
unknown,  
Was heard to answer in an angry tone ;  
Die then, unpity'd *Prince*, for thus thy Fate  
Long since, by its Decrees, did antedate :  
To such *perverseness*, what regard is shwon ?  
What *Merit* could'st thou plead to mount a  
Throne ?

To

To thy repeated Wishes Heav'n was kind,  
And pleas'd the wild Ambition of thy mind ;  
It put a *Sceptre* in thy eager Hand,  
Yet not t'oppose the *Genius* of the Land ;  
If Reason could not sway thy Actions here,  
Heaven's not oblig'd by *Wonders* to appear.

See how thy Creatures at a distance stand,  
Sculk from thy troubles to a safer Land ;  
Those who their Beings to thy *bounty* own,  
Forsake their fawning Cheats, and now are gone.  
Those who were *Friends* to thee and to thy Cause,  
Bold for their *Rights*, and for their *Countries*  
*Laws*,  
Thou, from thy darker *Counsels*, did'st remove,  
And want their aid, now they refuse their love.  
Some more imperfect sounds did reach my ear,  
But sense return'd, and day-light did appear.

THE  
ADVICE.

W<sup>ould</sup> you be Famous and Renown'd in Story,  
And after having run a Stage of Glory,

Go freight to Heaven and not to Purgatory :

Would you surrender your Dispensing Power,  
And send the Western Hangman to the Tower,  
From whence he'll find it difficult to scourge.

Would you send Father Pen, and Father Lob,  
Assisted by the Poet Laureat Squab,  
To teach Obedience Passive to the Mob.

Would you let Reverend Father Petres know  
What thanks the Church of England to him gave  
For Favours past, he did on them bestow.

This, &c.  
Would

Would you with expedition send away  
Those four dim Lights, made Bishops t'other day,  
To convert *Indians* in *America*.

*This, &c.*

Would you the rest of that Bald-Pated Train  
No longer flatter with thin hopes of Gain,  
But send them to Saint Omers back again.

*This, &c.*

Would you (instead of holding Birchen tool)  
Send *Pulton* to be lash'd at *Busbey's School*,  
That he in *Print* no longer play the Fool.

*This, &c.*

Would you that *Jack of all Religions* scare,  
Bid him for Hanging speedily prepare,  
That *Harry H---s* may visit *Harry Care*.

*This, &c.*

Would you let *Ireland* no more fear *Macdonnel*,  
And all the Rabble under *Phelim O Neale*,  
~~and Glarendon~~ again succeed *Tyrconnel*.

*This, &c.*

Would

Would you court Ear-wiggs banish from your  
Ears,

Those Carpet-Knights, and interested Peers,  
And rid the Kingdoms from impending Fears.

*This, &c.*

Would you at once make all the *Hagan Mogans*  
yield,

And be at once their *Terror* and our *Shield*,  
And not appear by *Praxy* in the Field.

*This, &c.*

Would you no more a *Womans Council* take,  
But love your Kingdoms for your Kingdoms sake,  
Make Subjects *Love* and Enemies to *Quake*.

*This, &c.*

**T H E**

THE  
CONVERTS.

I Did intend in Rhimes Heroick  
To write of Converts Apostolick,  
Describe their persons and their shames,  
And leave the World to guess their Names :  
But soon I thought the scoundrel Theme  
Was for Heroick Song too mean ;  
Their Characters we'll then rehearse  
In Burlesque, or in Dogrel Verse ;  
Of Earls, of Lords, of Knights I'll sing,  
That chang'd their Faith to please their King.

The first an Antiquated Lord,  
A walking Mummy in a word,  
Moves cloath'd in Plasters Aromatick,  
And Flannel, by the help of a Stick,  
And like a grave and noble Peer,  
Outlives his Sense by Sixty year ;  
And what an honest Man would anger,  
Outlives the Fort he built at Tanger ;

By

By Pox and Whores long since undone,  
Yet loves it still, and fumbles on :  
Why he's a Favourite few can gues,  
Some say it's for his Ugliness ;  
For often Monsters (being rare)  
Are valued equal to the Fair :  
For in his Mistresses, kind *James*  
Loves ugliness in its extreams ;  
But others say 'tis plainly seen,  
'Tis for the choice he made o'th' Queen ;  
When he the King and Nation blest  
With Off-Spring of the House of *Este* ;  
A Dame whose Affability  
Equals her Generosity :  
Oh ! Well match'd Pair, who frugally are bent  
To live without the aids of Parliament.  
All this and more the Peer perform'd,  
Then to compleat his Virtues, turn'd ;  
But 'twas not Conscience, or Devotion,  
The hopes of Riches or Promotion,  
That made his Lordship first to vary,  
But 'twas to please his Daughter *Mary* ;  
And she to make retaliation,  
Is full as lewd in her Vocation.

The next a Caravannish Thief,  
A lazy Mass of damn'd Rump Beef ;  
Prodigious Guts, no Brains at all,  
But very Rhynocerical,  
Was Married ere the Cub was lickt,  
And now not worthy to be kickt ;  
By Jockeys bubbled, forc'd to fly,  
To save his Coat, to *Italy*,  
Where *Haynes* and he, that virtuous Youth,  
Equal in Honor, Sense, and Truth ;  
By Reason and pure Conscience urged,  
Past Sins by Abjuration purged :  
But 'tis believ'd both Rogue and Peer,  
More worldly Motives had to veer ;  
The Scoundrel Plebeians swerving  
Was to secure himself from starving ;  
And that which made the Peer a Starter,  
We hope of a long wish'd for Garter.

Next comes a Peer who fits at Helm,  
And long has steer'd the giddy Realm  
With Taylors motion, mein, and grace,  
But a right Statesman in Grimace ;

The

The Sneer, the Cringe, and then by turns,  
The dully grave, the Frowns, and Scorns,  
Promises all, but nought performs :  
But how e'er great he's in Promotion,  
He's very humble in Devotion ;  
With Taper light, and Feet all bare,  
He to the Temple did repair,  
And knocking softly at the Portal,  
Cry'd, Pity (Fathers) a poor Mortal,  
And for a Sinner make some room,  
A Prodigal returned home.

Some say that in that very hour,  
Convert Mall Megs arriv'd at door ;  
So both with penitent Grimace,  
States-man and Bawd with humble pace  
Enter'd and were receiv'd to grace.

The next a Knight of high Command  
'Twixt *London-bridge* and *Dover-Sand* ;  
A Man of strict and holy Life,  
Taking example from his Wife ;  
He to a Nunnery sent her packing,  
Lest they should take each other napping.  
Some say *L'Estrange* did him beget,  
But that he wants his Chir and Wit ;

Good natur'd, as you may observe,  
Letting his Titular Father starve ;  
A Man of Sense and Parts, we know it,  
But dares as well be damn'd as show it ;  
Brib'd by himself, his trusty Servant  
At *Kings-Bench-Bar* appear'd most fervent  
Against his Honor for the *Test*,  
To him 'twas Gain, to all Mankind a Jest.

Blue-Bonnet Lords a numerous store,  
Whose best Example is they're poor ;  
Merely drawn in in hopes of Gains,  
And reap the scandal for their pains ;  
Half-starv'd at Court with expectation,  
Forc'd to return to their *Scotch* Station,  
Despis'd and scorn'd by every Nation.

A paltry Knight not worth a mention,  
Renounc'd his Faith for piteous Pension ;  
After upon True Protestant Whore,  
H'had spent a large Estate before.

A thick short Collonel next does come,  
With *Straddling* Legs and massy Bum :  
With many more of shameful Note,  
Whose Honor ne'er was worth a Groat.

If these be Pillars of the Church,  
'Tis fear'd they'll leave her in the lurch ;  
If abler Men do not support her Weight,  
All quickly will return to *Forty Eight*.

---

*The humble Address of Your Majesties Poet Laureat, and others your Catholick and Protestant dissenting Rhymers, with the rest of the Fraternity of Minor Poets, inferior Versifiers and Sonnetters of Your Majesties Ancient Corporation of Parnassius,*

*Humbly Sheweth,*

**T**HAT we your Majesties poor slaves,  
Your merry Beggars, witty knaves,  
Being highly sensible how long  
A dull dry Prose addressing Throng,  
Have daily vext your Royal ears  
With fulsom speeches, canting Prayers,  
Unanimously think it better  
T'Address your Majesty in Meeter,

*Great Sir, your healing Declaration  
Has cur'd a base distemper'd Nation ;  
The Godly hug it for the ease  
It gives to squeamish Consciences ;  
And by the Mammonists, 'tis made  
The grand encouragement of Trade ;  
But we must reckon it (in our sense)  
A gracious Poetick Licence.  
'Tis Your peculiar excellency,  
T'indulge Religion to a frensy ;  
And our Religion is our fancy :  
For which, we judge 'twould be a crime,  
Not to present our thanks in rhyme ;  
We, with all Subjects of our mind,  
To pay, like us, their dues in kind :  
That jealous Protestants would greet  
With *Tiffs* and Laws your Royal Feet ;  
That all would sacrifice in course  
Their stubborn Consciences to yours ;  
That th' Academies wou'd oppose  
On no pretence your Royal Cause,  
But quit their Oaths and Founders Laws ;  
That Corporations yield their Charters,  
**And no more grudge your Souldiers Quarters ;**  
That*

That Borough Towns would chuse such Men,  
As you shan't need send home again ;  
That all right Members take their stations,  
Such as Sir *Roger* and Sir *Patience* ;  
That your new friends stand every where,  
Of which we recommend one pair,  
Honest *Will Pen* and *Harry Care*.  
Dissenters will with all their heart-a  
Vote for a Gospel *Magna Charta* ;  
Your Judges too will over-awe  
The poor dead letter of the Law ;  
Your High Commissioners, from whom  
The obstinate receive their doom,  
For trusty Catholicks make room.  
Only one resty part o'th' Nation,  
Wou'd bound your power of dispensation ;  
For which we'll bait the Rogues agen,  
With Second part of *Hind* and *Pax* :  
We'll Rhime 'em into better manners,  
And make them low'r their Paper-Banners ;  
Nor is this all that we will do,  
No, Sir, we'll pray like Poets too.

May our great God *Appollo* bless you,  
May *Juno* help your budding issue ;  
May you attempt no enemies  
To skirmish with but Butterflies :  
Nor exercise Your Martial Arms,  
But in mock-seiges, false alarms.  
May you have long and peaceful days,  
And may we live to sing your Praise ;  
And after all, may you inherit  
The overplus of the Saints merit.

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THE

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T H E  
LAUREAT.

*Dryden*  
Jack Squabb, his History in little drawn  
Down to his Evening, from his early dawn.

A Ppear thou mighty Bard, to open view ;  
Which yet we must confess you need  
not do :  
The labour to expose thee we may save,  
Thou stand'st upon thy own Records, a Knave ;  
Condemn'd to live in thy Apostate Rhimes,  
The Curse of Ours, and Scoff of Future Times.  
Still tacking round with every turn of State,  
Reverse to *Shaftsbury* ! thy cursed Fate  
Is always at a change to come to late : }  
To keep his plots from Coxcombs was his Care,  
His Villany was mask'd, and thine is bare : }  
Wise Men alone cou'd guess at his Design,  
And cou'd but guess, the Thred was spun so fine : }  
But every pur-blind fool may see through thine.

Had

Had *Dick* still kept the Regal Diadem,  
Thou hadst been Poet Laureat to him,  
And, long ere now, in Lofty Verse proclaim'd  
His high Extraction, among Princes Fam'd ;  
Diffus'd his Glorious Deeds from pole to pole,  
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can  
rowl.

Nay, had our *Charles*, by Heavens severe Decree,  
Been found, and Murther'd in the Royal Tree,  
Even thou hadst prais'd the Fact ; his Father  
slain,

Thou call'dst but gently breathing of a Vein :  
Impious, and Villainous ! to bleſs the blow  
That laid at once three lofty Nations low,  
And gave the Royal Cause a fatal Overthrow.

What after this cou'd we expect from thee ?  
What cou'd we hope for, but just what we see ?  
Scandal to all Religions, New and Old ;  
Scandal to thine, where Pardon's bought and sold,  
And Mortgag'd Happiness redeem'd for Gold :  
Tell me, for 'tis a Truth you must allow,  
Who ever chang'd more in one Moon, than thou ?  
Even thy own *Zimri* was more stedfast known,  
He had but one Religion, or had none :

What

What sect of Christians is't thou hast not known,  
And at one time or other made thy own?  
A Bristled *Baptist* bred; and then thy strain  
Immaculate, was free from sinful stain.  
No Songs in those blest times thou didst produce  
To brand, and sham good manners out of use:  
The Ladies then had not one Bawdy Bob,  
Nor thou the Courtly Name of Poet Squab.  
Next, thy dull Muse, an *Independent* Jade,  
On sacred Tyranny five Stanza's made,  
Prais'd *Noll*, who ev'n to both extremes did run,  
To kill the Father, and dethrone the Son.  
When *Charles* came in, thou didst a Convert grow,  
More by thy Interest, than thy Nature so.  
Under his livening Beams thy Laurels spread;  
He first did place that wreath about thy Head;  
Kindly reliev'd thy wants, and gave thee Bread.  
Here 'twas thou mad'st the Bells of Fancy chime,  
And choak'd the Town with suffocating Rhime.  
Till Heroes form'd by thy Creating Pen,  
Were grown as cheap, and Dull, as other Men.  
Flush'd with success, full Gallery, and Pit,  
Thou bravest all Mankind with want of Wit.

Nay,

Nay, in short time, wer't grown so proud a  
Ninny,

As scarce t'allow that *Ben* himself had any.  
But when the men of Sense thy Error saw,  
They check'd thy Muse, and kept the Termagant  
in awe.

To Satyr next thy Talent was Addrest,  
Fell foul on all, thy friends among the rest :  
Those who the oft'neſt did thy wants supply,  
Abus'd, Traduc'd, without a reason why.  
Nay, ev'n thy Royal Patron was not spar'd,  
But an obscene, a fantring wretch declar'd.  
Thy Loyal Libel we can still produce,  
Beyond Example, and beyond Excuse.  
O strange return, to a forgiving King,  
But the warin'd Viper wears the greatest Sting.  
Thy Pension lost, and justly without doubt,  
When Servants snarl, we ought to kick 'em  
out ;  
They that disdain their Benefactors Bread,  
No longer ought by Bounty to be fed.  
That lost, the Vizor chang'd, you turn about,  
And strait a True-blue Protestant crept out ;

The *Friar* now was writ : and some will say  
They smell a Male-content through all the  
play.

The *Papist* too was damn'd, unfit for Trust,  
Call'd Treacherous, Shameless, Profligate, Unjust, }  
And Kingly Power thought Arbitrary Lust.  
This lasted till thou didst thy Pension gain,  
And that chang'd both thy Morals, and thy  
strain.

If to write Contradictions, Nonsense be,  
Who has more Nonsense in their works than  
thee ?

We'll mention but thy *Lay-mans Faith*, and *Hind*, }  
Who'd think both these (such clashing do we find) }  
Cou'd be the product of one single mind :  
Here, thou woud'st Charitable fain appear,  
Find'st fault that *Athanasius* was severe ;  
Thy Pity strait to Cruelty is rais'd,  
And even the pious Inquisition prais'd,  
And recommended to the present Reign :

“ O happy Countries, *Italy* and *Spain* ! ”  
Have we not cause, in thy own words, to say,  
Let none believe what varies every day,  
That never was, nor will be at a stay.

Once,

Once, Heathens might be fav'd, you did allow ;  
 But not, it seems, we greater Heathens now :  
 The Loyal Church, that buoys the Kingly Line,  
 Damn'd with a breath, but 'tis such breath as  
 thine :

What credit to thy party can it be,  
 T'have gain'd so lewd a profligate as thee ?  
 Scray'd from our fold, makes us but laugh, not  
 weep ;  
 We have but lost what was disgrace to keep :  
 By them Mistrusted, and to us a scorn ;  
 For it is weakness, at the best to turn.

True, hadst thou left us in the former Reign,  
 Thad prov'd, it was not wholly done for Gain ; }  
 Now, the Meridian Sun is not so plain.  
 Gold is thy God, for a substantial summ,  
 Thou to the *Turk*, woul'dst run away from *Rome*, }  
 And Sing his Holy Expedition against Chri- }  
 stendom.

But to conclude, blush with a lasting Red,  
 (If thou'st not mov'd with what's already faid)  
 To see thy Boars, Bears, Buzzards, Wolves and Owls,  
 And all thy other Beasts, and other Fowls,

Routed

Routed by two poor Mice : (Unequal fight)  
But easie 'tis to Conquer in the Right.  
See there a Youth (a shame to thy gray hairs)  
Make a meer Dunce of all thy threescore years.  
What in that tedious Poem hast thou done,  
But cramm'd all *Aesops* Fables into one.  
But why do I the precious minutes spend  
On him, that wou'd much rather hang, than mend.  
No, Wretch, continue still just as thou art,  
Thou'rt now in this last Scene, that Crowns thy  
Part ;  
To purchase Favour, veer with every Gale,  
And against Interest, never cease to rail ;  
Though thou'rt the only proof how Interest can  
prevail.

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THE

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THE  
VISION  
O F  
TOLERATION.

L Aft Night, when I my self to sleep had laid ;  
Whilst bones did rest, my roving busie head  
Methought, had strangely carry'd me from home,  
And, I (the Lord knows how) was got to *Rome* ;  
It happen'd to be on a publick day,  
When Pope and Cardinals were met ; not to pray,  
That's not their busines, but to hold Debates,  
How to Rule Kings, and how to govern States.  
Most strange Employments sure for Gospel  
Preachers,  
The Apostles were not Rulers, but Mens  
Teachers.

When

When Tripple Crown had took St. Peter's Chair,  
 (He little thought a Crown should e'er come  
 there :)

The rest to their respective Seats repair ;  
 And the first matter they did fall upon,  
 Was the Affairs of th' Isle call'd Albion :  
 Methought an horned Legate did present  
 In Parchment fair ingross'd, a long complaint,  
 Against the Monster call'd a Parliament :  
 Which being softly read, Christ's Vicar cries,  
*Who th' plague has open'd these damn'd Her'ticks  
 eyes ?*

*I thought the sugar'd promise at first made  
 To them, would the believing fools persuade  
 Out of their Bread and Butter ; but since jealous  
 Of Privilege, and for their Church so zealous ;  
 Since we can't overturn this impious Test,  
 Of all methods beyond dispute the best :  
 Since Shams won't take, What must the next be done  
 Against our Rival Church of Albion ?*

His Reverend Speech thus ended, whilst each mind  
 Was busied, some new Stratagem to find :  
 Ere any spake, there strangely did appear  
 One cloathed in black, and stood before the  
 Chair ;

All Eyes upon him fixt, and all Tongues mute,  
With a feign'd Voice he did them thus Salute :  
*Hail ! Reverend Patriarch, and ye that are  
Worthy Assistants of St. Peter's Chair :*  
*I from the Author of your Faith am come,*  
*From him first plac'd th' un-erring Chair in Rome ;*  
*Who gave judicial power to Pardon Sins,*  
*And to Depose the Unbelieving Kings :*  
*Who you out of your senses does perswade,*  
*Not to discern Flesh, Blood, and Bones from Bread ;*  
*Who is your Churches best Friend and Physician,*  
*To cure her Schisms by holy Inquisition ;*  
*Who taught you burning was the remedy,*  
*Lawful to purge the Church from Heresie :*  
*French Nero taught to manage Hugonant :*  
*He who all your new Articles has taught ;*  
*From him I come, and by Commission tell,*  
*Right Trusty and Belov'd, be greets you well ;*  
*Extremely pleas'd with your great pains and care,*  
*T'encrease his Kingdom, in this grand Affair*  
*Of Albion. It is his will and pleasure,*  
*That to perfect the Work, you take this measure ;*  
*You know as well as he, that in that Nation,*  
*Are many Bastard-slips of th'Reformation ;*

Who,

Who, with their Sister have been still at odds,  
Because (I wish 'twere true) she serv'd your Gods.  
But seeing their mistake, they now begin  
To have a good opinion, and come in  
To her Communion ; and she thereby  
Grows daily a more potent enemy.  
Now to prevent a Reconciliation,  
He bids declare an Act of Toleration ;  
Let Independant, Presbyter, and Quaker,  
With Anabaptist, Muggletonian, Seeker,  
Sweet Singer, Family of Love, Fifth-Monarchy ; }  
Give all these whimsy heads their Liberty, }  
They'll with each other fall at enmity : }  
And all against the Church, confirm'd by Law,  
Though for no other cause, but 'cause 'tis so.  
If you can but perswade them to Rebel,  
Th' King has an Army will make all things well ;  
In these Directions Expeditions be,  
Tour time's but short, J. R.'s past Fifty three.  
His well invented Speech thus having ended,  
He in a flash of Brimstone-fire descended.  
They seeing him to vanish in that fashion,  
Cry'd out, that 'twas a Divine Revelation.

At which I wondred, for I did not know,  
Till then, that Roman Gods had dwelt below.  
First sight, I thought him Jesuit, but when  
I saw the Cloven-Foot, concluded then  
He was th'old accuser of the Brethren.

When they a while had on his Speech reflected,  
They all agreed 't should be as 'twas directed.  
One only, cry'd, more grave, and full of fence,  
We our designs must colour with pretence ;  
We'll say 'tis tender Consciences to ease,  
And to preserve the Government in peace,  
Which all lik'd well ; and bade, 'tshould be  
Ingros'd,  
And sent unto the *Nuncio* by the Post :  
After which order to the Secretary,  
They all concluded with an *Ave Mary.*

---

On

ON THE  
BISHOPS CONFINEMENT.

Where is there Faith or Justice to be found?  
Sure the World trembles, Nature's in a  
fround ;

To see her pious Sons design'd to fall  
A victim to Religion ; Truth, and all

The charms of piety are no defence,

Against the new found power, that can dispense

With Laws to murder sacred Innocence :

Surely, unless some pitying God look down,

And stem this torrent, it will drown

Divinity it self.—

The Bishops Prisoners ! Can we tamely see

Those Reverend Prelates bow the knee

To Antichrist ? No, mighty Monarch, no,

Though we must pay to *Cæsar* what we owe ;

There is a power supream, by which you live ;

Whose Arm is longer, and Prerogative

Larger by far than yours ; whose very word  
Can blast your hopes, and turn your two-edg'd  
sword ;  
Can make his Secular Vicegerent know,  
Virtue, like Palms depress'd, do higher grow.  
Though Rob'd in all the grandeur of your state,  
Courtiers, like radiant Stars, about you wait :  
'Midst of your glorious joys, when you put on  
That awful presence which becomes a Throne ;  
*Belshazzar* like, three words upon the Wall  
Shall blast your joys, and make your glories fall.  
His Holiness, that patriot of strife,  
Though he can grant you Pardons, cannot Life.  
Arise then, Mighty Sir, in God-like mien,  
As of thy Valour, let thy Truth be seen ;  
Free from mistrust, let all your words be clear ;  
By actions, let your promises appear :  
Protect that Church which brought you to the  
Crown ;  
You know, 'tis great and honourable to own  
A kindness done ; but to reward with death  
That happy instrument that gave you breath,  
Is mean, and might a *Cath'lick's* Conscience sting,  
To cut the hand off that Anoints you King.

T H E  
Last Will and Testament  
O F  
Father Petres.

I.

**I**N his Holiness Name,  
With Amen I proclaim  
My *Last Will and Testament* following :  
Who in Body am well,  
But in Mind monstrous ill ;  
While in dismal Dispair I am wallowing.

II.

My Soul I bequeath,  
To the Regions beneath ;  
It has long to the Devil been due :

To be tortur'd in pain,  
 More than I did ordain  
 To inflict on the Heretick Crew.

## III.

My Body a pledge,  
 I give to the Sledge,  
 To ride on't to *Tyburn* in state :  
 And there in a Cart,  
 Before I depart,  
 All my Villainous Actions relate.

## IV.

When the Rout I've harang'd,  
 To submit to be Hang'd ;  
 And ere Dead to be cut down and Quarter'd :  
 While each Blockhead and Whore  
 Dips a clout in my Gore,  
 To proclaim to the World I am Martyr'd.

## V.

My politick Head  
 With my Quarters when Dead,  
 Each one to be perch'd on a Pole ;  
 Thus

Thus by prophetick Spirit,  
According to Merit,  
I've dispos'd of my Body and Soul.

V I.

And next I declare  
Not to mention an Heir,  
My Executors wholly and full,  
To cut off all other,  
The Spark and his Mother,  
Who Three politick Nations wou'd Gull.

V II.

My Funeral Charge,  
As it will not be large,  
So 'twill take up less Room in my Will:  
But were it much more,  
Since I die on this Score,  
They'll never be troubled with Bill.

V III.

It may do 'em both good  
For all their High Blood,  
'Tis full Threescore thousand compleat:

As

## Miscellany POEMS.

As I got it by Fools,  
So I leave it to Tools,  
While the Church and Relations I Cheat.

### I X.

My Books, tho' not many,  
For I never lov'd any,  
They may keep for their private Occasions ;  
They're {of Riddles and Dreams,  
From whence I took Theams  
To furnish my self with Orations.

### X.

The rest of my Stuff,  
Since they have enough,  
I Bequeath to a pretty young Sinner ;  
'Twill furnish a Room  
To practise at Home,  
And encourage a happy Beginner.

### X.I.

I'll not give 'em the Trouble  
To pay the Priests double,  
To fetch me from Purgatory :

For

For that, like the rest  
Of our Creed, is a Jeſt ;  
And as true as the Song of John Dory.

XII.

For if there's a Hell,  
I deserve it fo well  
I need not despair of the Place ;  
And none but an Aſſ<sup>t</sup>  
Will believe that the Maſſ,  
Can ever restore him to Grace.

XIII.

I confess there are fools,  
Which our Church daily gulls,  
And particularly with this Notion :  
Such as when they do Pray,  
Know not one word they ſay,  
'Tis their ignorance helps their Devotion.

XIV.

But I am wide of my Text,  
Being damnably vext  
To ſee how the Jesuits are fool'd ;

And

And your prospects of peace  
 Do my Torments increase,  
 More than losing my Life and my Gold.

## X V,

On our Brotherhood all  
 May my last blessing fall,  
 And on every Monk, Friar and Priest ;  
 May they ere 'tis too late  
 Partake of my Fate,  
 And become every Hereticks Jeſt.

## X VI.

I wou'd have Enlarg'd,  
 But my Conscience discharg'd,  
 I'll here make an End of my Sermon,  
 And wish all this Throng  
 May be damn'd, Old and Young,  
 And so drive away, Honest Carman.

THE

---

T H E  
Pope's WISH.

---

*To the Tune of the Old Mans Wish.*

---

**I**F I wear out of date, as I find I fall down,  
For my Chair it is rotten, and shakes like  
my Crown ;

Tho' I be an Impostor, may this be my doom,  
Let my Spiritual Market continue at *Rome* :

*May the words of my mouth the Nations betray,*  
*Till Monarchs and Princes my Sceptre obey ;*  
*To feed on the fat, and the lean ones to slay :*  
*And the lean ones to slay.*

Tho' my Birth be equivocal, I look like a Bear ;  
My Tribe they be cloth'd with sackcloth and hair,  
(A Hypocrite's habit, and fit to deceive)  
Let no man decypher the Pope for a knave.

*May the words of my mouth, &c.*

Tho'

Tho' my Actions be wicked, my Principles ill,  
 May I be reputed His Holiness still ;  
 With the Keys on my Arm to chink like a Bell,  
 And Conjure a Soul for Gold out of Hell.

*May the words of my mouth, &c.*

With a pair of Great Princes, both lazy and idle,  
 The one to hold stirrup, the other the bridle ;  
 And when they have done, for their pains let  
 'em take  
 A kick on the breech, and a stampon the neck.

*May the words of my mouth, &c.*

May I be adored by better and worse :  
 Let Kings kiss my Toe, and *Mah'met* mine Arse.  
 May Pardons give price, and *Indulgences* sell,  
 And every opposer be turn'd into Hell.

*May the words of my mouth, &c.*

Let the spiritual Pedlers, the Priests tell a story,  
 Of *Limbus Infamum*, and *New Purgatory*,  
 T' extinguish Sedition, and blow out Contention ;  
 To work all my Miracles by apprehension,

*May the words of my mouth, &c.*

May

May the Church-men and Clergy ne'er Marry  
nor Wed,  
But hug the old Harlot that's cast in a Bed,  
Let the Friars with the Nuns commit Fornication,  
(If sin) 'tis but Venial, and sweet Recreation.

*May the words of my mouth, &c.*

May the Priests at Confession make a Virgin to  
fall,  
And when she gets up, give her Pardon for all ;  
Let Bawds have their Trade, and Whores have  
their pleasure,  
To fill (with their fleshly) my Spiritual Treasure.

*May the words of my mouth, &c.*

And whate'er I do, or what ere befalls me,  
He's a Spiritual Traitor that Whoremonger calls  
me ;  
By Bell, Book, and Candle, I'll bar him from  
Glory,  
And send him to Hell, or at least Purgatory.

*May the words of my mouth, &c.*

Let the Saints at devotion, make Prayers for the  
Dead,  
And least they misreckon, count all by a Bead.

With

With Pictures in Churches, that people may pray  
To Idols compos'd of Stone, Wood, and Clay.

*May the words of my mouth, &c.*

With a Lamp Everlasting that burneth for ever,  
Of the poor Widows Oil, which providence  
gives her ;

With St. Anthony's Fart, that he let in a Frolick,  
Which smells like a Rose, and cures the Wind-  
*Colick.*

*May the words of my mouth, &c.*

Let people be cheated, a Wafer to take,  
And call it a God, tho' bak'd in a Cake ;  
Let them play their Devotion at Church on a  
fiddle ;

But ne'er be so wise as to find out the Riddle.

*May none be so bold my words to despise,*  
*Till I dull all Mens ears, and hood-wink their eyes,*  
*And blind the whole World with fopperies and lies.*

THE

T H E

PROTESTANT LITANY.

From Religion that's Nonsense, and larded  
with lies ;  
From shutting the Cupbord, and chinking the  
Keys ;  
From Light that ascendeth like smoak to the Skies ;  
*Good Lord deliver us.*

From a Pope that's in Passion, and bendeth his  
Wits  
For Plots, and Conspiracies, digging of Pits ;  
From a people that crammeth their God in their  
Guts ;  
*Good Lord deliver us.*

From Spain's Inquisition, and Scarlet attire ;  
From zeal that is kindled with Faggot and Fire ;  
From a Priest that Dispenseth his Pardons for  
Hire ;  
*Good Lord deliver us.*

E

From

From Wine that's Converted to poison for blood ;  
 From the Dragon's breath, and venomous flood ;  
 From Babylon's Brats, and all the Beasts brood ;

*Good Lord deliver us.*

From a *Feminine Pope*, of the Epicene Gender,  
 From *Joan* who did drink to the Devil her at-  
 tender ;

From him who's of fopperies (for faith) the De-  
 fender ;

*Good Lord deliver us.*

From unprofitable Servants, who Heaven do  
 merit ;

Who Preach the true Gospel, denying the Spirit ;  
 And think by their fool'ries Salvation t'inherit ;

*Good Lord deliver us.*

From a Queen clad in Scarlet, that looks like a  
 Witch ;

From those who for Penance must whip their  
 own Breech ;

From her that needs brimstone to cure her old itch ;

*Good Lord deliver us.*

From a Beast that is spotted, and snufs up the Air ,  
 With a Mouth like a Lion, and Feet like a Bear ;  
 From Garments deceitful, composed of Hair ;

*Good Lord deliver us.*

From

From Beggars who're Rich, and beg for the poor ;  
From Kings without Kingdoms, that Reign but  
an hour ;  
From the Grape of *Gomorrha*, that's sweet, and  
yet fower ;

*Good Lord deliver us.*

From *Leo* the Coward, and *Clement* the Clown ;  
From *Pius* the wicked, that's veil'd with a Gown ;  
From fools out of fashion, and shav'd in the  
Crown ;

*Good Lord deliver us.*

From *Roma diu titubans*, ready to spue ;  
From Locusts and Frogs, and *Babylons* crew ;  
From the Prophet, or tail which the Stars back-  
ward drew ;

*Good Lord deliver us.*

From a Shepherd whose crook is knob'd like a  
Club ,  
The one end to catch, the other to rub ;  
And one who his Sheep of their Fleece does rob ;

*Good Lord deliver us.*

---

A Character of  
Old England,  
In Allusion to a Piece of  
*Tacitus de Vita Agricola.*

THE Free-born *Englifb*, generous and  
wise,  
Hate Chains, but do not Government despise :  
Rights of the Crown, Tribute and Taxes they  
When lawfully exacted, freely pay :  
*Force* they abhor, and *wrongs* they scorn to bear,  
More govern'd by their *judgment* than their  
*fear* ;  
*Justice* with them is never held severe.  
Here Power by *Tyranny* is never got ;  
*Law* may perhaps ensnare them, *Force* cannot.  
*Rash Counsels* here, have still the worst effect ;  
The surest way to *Rule*, is to *Protect*.

Kings

Kings are unsafe in their *unbounded* will,  
Join'd with the wretched Power of doing ill.  
*Forsaken* most, when they're most *absolute* ;  
Laws guard the *Man*, and only bind the *Brute* :  
Those guardian Laws with force to undermine,  
Can never be a prudent Kings design. }  
  
What King would change to be a *Cataline* ;  
Break his own Laws, shake an *unquestion'd* Throne,  
Conspire with Vassals to Usurp his own ?  
It's worthier some *base Fau'rites* pretence,  
To *Tyrannize* at the *wrong'd*, Kings Expence.  
Let *France* grow proud, beneath the Tyrants lust,  
While the *wrekt* people *crawl*, and lick the dust.  
  
The mighty *Genius* of this *'Ile*, disdains  
Ambitious Slavery and golden Chains.  
*England* to flavish yoke did never bow.  
What Conquerors ne're presum'd, who *dare* do now ?  
Roman nor *Norman* never did pretend  
To have *enlav'd*, but made this *Ile* their friend.

A D V I C E  
TO THE  
Prince of Orange,  
AND THE  
PACKET-BOAT Returned.

*Adv.* THE year of wonder now is come,  
A Jubilee Proclaim at *Rome* ;  
The Church has pregnant made the Womb.

*Pac.* No more of the admired year,  
No more of Jubilee declare ;  
All Trees that blossom do not bear.

*Adv.* *Orange* give o'er your hopes of Crowns,  
And yield to *France* the *Belgick* Towns;  
And keep your Fleet out of the *Dowms*.

*Pac.* We'll wait for Crowns, not Interest quit,  
Let *Lewis* take what he can get ;  
And do not you proscribe our Fleet.

*Adv.*

*Adv.* Ye talk of Eighty Men of War,  
Well Rigg'd and Mann'd, you say they are ;  
'Twas joyful News when it came here.

*Pat.* Well may the sound of Eighty Sail,  
Make *England's* greatest Courage fail ;  
When half the number will prevail.

*Adv.* But we have some upon the stocks,  
And others laid up in our Docks ;  
Well fitted out, would match your Cocks.

*Pat.* Talk not as if you'd match our Cocks,  
And Launch your few Ships on the Stocks ;  
And if you can, secure your Docks.

*Adv.* Besides, we've call'd our Subjects home,  
Which in your Fleet and Army rime,  
But you, they say, won't let them come.

*Pat.* Your Subjects, in our Camp and Fleet,  
Whom you with *Proclamation* greet ,  
Will all obey, when they think fit.

*Adv.* Souldiers and Seamen both we need,  
*Old England's* quite out of the breed ;  
Feather and Scarf won't do the deed.

*Pac.* Of Men of Arms never despair,  
The Civiliz'd wild *Irisb* are  
Couragious even to Massacre,

*Adv.* Now, if you'd be victorious made,  
Like us, on *Hounflow* Masquerade ;  
Advance your Honour, and your Trade.

*Pac.* Then take this counsel back again,  
Leave off to mimick in Campaign,  
And fight in earnest on the Main.

*Adv.* *Buda* we storm'd, and took't with ease ;  
Do you the same upon the Seas,  
And then we'll meet you when you please.

*Pac.* The storming *Buda* does declare,  
That you the glorious Offspring are  
Of them that made all *Europe* fear.

*Adv.*

*Adv.* Such Warlike Actions, will 'at least  
Inspire each neighbouring Monarchs brest ;  
Till *Lewis* shall compleat the rest.

*Par.* Such Camp, such Seige, and such shamShews,  
Make each small State your power oppose,  
And *Lewis* lead you by the Nose.

---

**T H E**

---

## THE

# Hieroglyphick

Come Painter, take a prospect from this Hill,  
And on a well-spread Canvas shew thy Skill :  
Draw all in Colours as they shall appear,  
And as they stand in merit place them there.  
Draw, as the Heralds do, a spacious Field ;  
And, as directed, so let that be fill'd.  
First, draw a *Popish* Army brisk and gay,  
Fighting, and beat, destroy'd, and run away.  
Then draw a Hearse, and let it stand in view,  
The Mourners more, far more than they're in  
shew,  
Cursing their Fate, their Stars, and in that  
fear,  
Shew, if thou canst how those damn'd *Sots*  
prepare

To

To run, or stay and sculk in holes alone :  
By them, this Motto, *Gallows claim thy own.*  
Now, to the Life, let thy brisk Pencil shew  
Distinctly what they are, and what's their  
due.

Now draw a croud of *Priests* prepar'd to run,  
Like broken Merchants when their stock is  
gone ;

Some howling out their Prayers, forget and  
say,

Save us St. *Ketch* : Are all our Saints away ?

Draw 'em in hurry, running to and fro,

Posting to *Dover*, *Portsmouth*, *Tyburn* too.

Next draw a croud of Lords. This Label by,  
*The great design is lost.* Alas, they cry,  
Who'd serve a Cause of such curst destiny ?

Now draw four *Priests*, shew how they *Rome*  
adore,

And each Mans Scarf hang to be seen before.

Two brace of Bishops, fallen to despair;

Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, but running God knows where  
Now shew the Judges, and with them thy  
Skill,

That all who see it done, may say, 'Tis well ;

In Caps and Gowns, as they in order fate  
"Twixt Heaven and Earth do thou them elevate;  
For their grave noddles can dispense with that.  
Now draw the little Rogues, the scoundrel crew,  
Knights, Knaves, and Beggars, they must have  
their due,

*Gadbury, Butler, ay, and Others too.*

Amidst this croud, on a fit spot of Land,  
To crown the work, let a large Gallows stand:  
All trembling by, arm'd with their guilt and  
fears,

Kneel to this Image, and pour out their Prayers  
*And then die by Suffocation.*

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To

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To the TEN

## DISPENSING JUDGES.

Dignifi'd things, may I your leaves implore,  
To kiss your hands, and your high Heads adore ;  
*Judges* you are, but you are something more.  
May I draw near, and with a rough-hew'd Pen,  
Give a small Draught of you, the worst of Men :  
Tell of your Merits, and your mighty Skill,  
And how your Charms all Courts of Justice fill.  
Your Laws, far stronger than the *Commons Votes*,  
So finely flow from your *Dispensing Throats*.  
What *Rome* will ask, you must not her deny :  
If Hell command you too, you must comply.  
There's none but you would in this cause combine,  
Things made like Men, but act like Brutes and Swine.  
Law books are trash, a Student he's a drudge :  
Learn to say, Yes, he's an accomplish'd Judge ;

He

He wins the Scarlet Robe, and wears it too :  
Ay, and deserves it well, for more's his due ;  
All that compleats a Traytor dwells in you.  
Thus you like Villains to the Benches get ;  
And in defiance to the Laws, you sit,  
And all base actions that will please commit :  
There must you toil for *Rome*, and also try  
Your *Irish* Sense and Cobweb Policy,  
Compleat your Crimes; and then you'r fit to die.  
True Loyal Babes ! Pimps to the Church of  
*Rome*,  
*Trefilian's* Heirs : Heirs to his crimes and doom.  
Was e'er the Hall fill'd up with such a Brood,  
All dipt in Treason, Villainies or Blood :  
Worse than *Fanatick* Priests ; for they being prest  
By a wise Prince, Preach'd to *Repeal the Test*.  
Then here's the difference, 'twixt you *Popish*  
Tools,  
You'r downright Rogues ; they only Knaves  
and Fools.

RELIGIOUS

---

## RELIGIOUS RELIQUES,

O R,

The Sale at the Savoy upon the Jesuits  
breaking up their School and Chappel.

[ 1 ]

L Ast Sunday, by chance,  
I encounter'd with Prance,  
That Man of upright Conversation,  
Who told me such News,  
That I could not chuse  
But Laugh at his sad Declaration.

[ 2 ]

Says he, if you'll go,  
You shall see such a show  
Of Reliques expos'd to be Sold,  
Which from Sin and Disease  
Will purge all that please  
To lay out their Silver and Gold.

Straight

[ 3 ]

Straight with him I went,  
 Being zealously bent,  
 Where for Sixpence the Man let me in,  
 But the Crowd was so great,  
 I was all in a Sweat  
 Before the Rare show did begin.

[ 4 ]

The Curtain being drawn,  
 Which I think was of Lawn,  
 The PRIEST croſſ'd himself thrice, and bow'd ;  
 Then with a four Face,  
 Denoting his caſe,  
 He addressed himself thus to the Crowd.

[ 5 ]

You see our ſad State,  
 'Tis a folly to prate,  
 Our Church and our Cause is a-ground ;  
 So in ſhort, if you've Gold,  
 Here is to be fold  
 For a Guinney the worth of Ten Pound.

Here's

[ 6 ]

Here's St. James's Old Bottle,  
It holds just a Pottle,  
With the Pilgrims Habit he wore ;  
The same Scallop Shells,  
As our Holy Church tells,  
Who denies it's a Son of a W —

[ 7 ]

Here's a piece of the Bag,  
By Age turn'd to a Rag,  
In which Judas the Money did bear ;  
With a part of his Rope,  
Bequeath'd to the P O P E,  
As an Antidote 'gainst all Despair.

[ 8 ]

Here's a Rib of St. Laurence,  
'Tis also at Florence,  
And it may be in France, or in Spain ;  
It cures Stone and Gravel,  
And Women in Travel,  
And delivers without any Pain.

[ 9 ]

Here's St. Joseph's old Coat,  
Though scarce worth a Groat,  
It's plainness do's shew he'd no Pride ;  
Yet this he had on,  
For besides it he'd none,  
The day that he Marry'd his Bride.

F

[ 10 ] His

[ 10 ]

His Breeches are there,  
 A plain Leather Pair,  
 Come buy the whole Suit, if you please ;  
 They'll defend you from th' Itch,  
 From Hag, and from Witch,  
 And preserve you from Buggs and from Fleas.

[ 11 ]

Here's the Gall of a Saint,  
 For such as do faint,  
 Or are troubl'd with Fits of the Mother ;  
 Nay, if your Breath stink,  
 Worse than Close-stool or Sink,  
 It will cure you as soon as the other.

[ 12 ]

Here's a Prayer of Pope John,  
 The like to't is none,  
 If you say it but three times a year ;  
 Three hundred in grace,  
 And three hundred 'twill place  
 In Heaven, if they ever come there.

[ 13 ]

Here's our Ladies old Shoe,  
 Which in Old time was new,  
 It will cure all your Kibes and your Corns ;  
 With the Coif of St. Bridget,  
 To be worn by each Idiot,  
 Whose Head is tormented with Horns.

[ 14 ] Here's

[ 14 ]

Here's a Bottle of Tears,  
Preserv'd many years,  
Of *Mary's* that once was a Sinner ;  
Some o'th' Fish and the Bread  
That the Five thousand fed,  
Which our Saviour invited to Dinner

[ 15 ]

Here's St. *Francis* own Cord,  
You may take't on my Word,  
Who dies in it cannot be Damn'd ;  
Do but buy it, and try,  
If I tell you a lye,  
Many Thousands of Heaven are sham'd.

[ 16 ]

Here's his Holiness's Beard,  
Of whom you have heard,  
That the Hereticks called Pope *Joan* ;  
Yet this I dare Swear,  
Was his natural Hair,  
Or else I'll be sworn he had none.

[ 17 ]

It's Vertue is such,  
That if it do's touch  
Your Head, or your Face, or elsewhere,

It do's strait-way Restore  
 More than e're was before,  
 Though by Age or by Action worn bare.

## XVIII.

Here's St. Christopher's Boot,  
 For his Right Leg and Foot,  
 Which he wore when he Ply'd at the Ferry,  
 When on's Shoulders he bore  
 His Blessed Lord o're,  
 For the Poor Man had never a Wherry.

## XIX.

Such as Sail on the Seas,  
 I am sure it will please,  
 For its parellel never was found ;  
 Neither Tempest nor Storm,  
 Can e're do 'em harm,  
 Nor is't possible they should be drown'd.

## XX.

Here's infinite more,  
 I have by me in store,  
 All which lye conceal'd in this Hamper ;  
 Either buy them to day,  
 Or I'll throw them away,  
 For to morrow, by Heaven, I'll scamper.

## XXI. Our

XXI.

Our Market is done,  
We must shut up at Noon,  
We expect 'em each hour at the Door;  
We are Hang'd if we stay,  
And we can't get away,  
For none will, nor dare carry us o're.

XXII.

But by th' Faith of a *P R I E S T*,  
This is no time to jest,  
Since we're baulk'd in our great Expectation;  
Before I will Swing,  
Like a Dog in a String,  
I'll Renounce the *Transubstantiation*.

## PRIVATE OCCURRENCES;

OR,

The Transactions of the four last Years.

Written in Imitation of the Old Ballad of  
*Hey brave Oliver, Ho brave Oliver, &c.*

## I.

**A** Protestant Muse, yet a Lover of Kings ;  
 On th' Age, grown a little Satirical, Sings,  
 Of Papists, their Counsels, and other fine Things.  
*Sing hey brave Popery, ho rare Popery, oh fine  
 Ob dainty Popery, oh.* (Popery.

## II.

She hopes she offends no Englishman's Patience ;  
 Tho Satyr's forbid on all such occasions,  
 She's too good a Subject to read Declarations.  
*Sing hey brave Popery, &c.*

## III.

III.

If the Saying be good, of *Let him laugh that Wins,*  
Sure a Loser may smile without any offence:  
My Muse then is gamesom, and thus she begins;  
*With hey brave Popery, &c.*

IV.

When *Ch—* deceas'd, to His Kingdoms dismay,  
By an *Apoplex*, or else some other way;  
Our *Brother* with Shouts was proclaim'd the same  
*Sing hey brave Popery, &c.* (day.)

V.

His first Royal Promise was never to touch  
Our Rights, nor Religion, nor Priviledge grutch:  
But *Pet*— swore Dam him, he granted too much.  
*Sing hey brave Popery, &c.*

VI.

Then *Mon<sup>mouth</sup>* came in with an Army of Fools,  
Betray'd by his *Cuckold*,<sup>+</sup> and other dull Tools  
That painted the Turfe of Geen *Sedgmore* with  
*Sing hey brave Popery, &c.* (Gules.)

VII.

That Victory gotten, some think to our wrong:  
The Priests braid out Joy in a Thanksgiving Song.  
And *Teague* with the Bald-pates were at it ding  
*Sing hey brave Popery, &c.* (dong.)

F 4

VIII.

+ Lord Grey, of Wark.

## VIII.

Then straight a strong Army was levy'd in haste,  
 To hinder Rebellion; a very good Jest;  
 For some Rogues will swear 'twas to murder the  
*Sing bey brave Popery, &c.* (Jest.)

## IX.

A Politick Law which Recusants did doom,  
 That into our Senate they never might come;  
 But Equivalent since, was propos'd in its Room.

*Sing bey brave Popery, &c.*

## X.

As if a True Friend should in Kindness demand  
 A Tooth in my Head, which firmly doth stand,  
 To give for't another he had in his Hand.

*Sing bey brave Popery, &c.*

## XI.

Then Term after Term this great Matter was weigh'd  
 Old Judges turn'd out, and new Block--ds made:  
 That Cook or wise Littleton never did read.

*Sing bey brave Popery, &c.*

## XII.

The good Church of England with speed was run  
 Whose Loyalty ever stood fast to the Crown; (down  
 And Presbyter John was made Mayor of the Town.

*Sing bey brave Popery, &c.*

## XIII.

XIII.

The Bishops Disgrace made the Clergy to sob :  
A Prey to Old Pet---- and President Bob ;  
And hurried to Prison as if they did Rob.

*Sing bey brave Popery, &c.*

XIV.

Then into the World, a Dear P---- of W---- slipt.  
'Twas plain, for we hear a great Minister peep'd :  
The Bricklayer for prating had like t'a bin whip'd.

*Sing bey brave Popery, &c.*

XV.

Thus *England's* Distresses more fierce than the  
Plague,

That during three Years, of no Quiet could brag.  
The Prince van *Auraignia* has brought from the

*Sing bey brave Popery, &c.* (Hague.

XVI.

A strong Fleet and Army t'Invade us are bent ;  
We know not the Cause, tho there is something in't;  
But we doubt not, e're long we shall see it in Print.

*Sing bey brave Popery, &c.*

XVII.

Ah *England*, that never couldst value thy Peace :  
Had Matters been now as in *Elisabeth's* Days,  
The *Dutch* had ne'r ventur'd to Fish in our Seas.

*Then Curse of Popery, pox o' Popery, plague o'  
Oh Senseless Popery, oh.* (Popery,

On

# On Purgatory.

When the Almighty first his Palace fram'd,  
 That Glorious shining Place he *Heaven*  
 And when the first Rebellious Angels fell, (nam'd;  
 He doom'd them to a certain place call'd *Hell*.  
 There's *Heaven* and *Hell* confirm'd in Sacred Story,  
 But yet I ne're could read of *Purgatory*:  
 That cleansing Place, which of late years is found,  
 For sinning Souls to flux in till they're sound.  
 In imitation of which 'tis said,  
 They have the *Humums* and the *Bagnio's* made  
 Two *Purgatories* of a quicker Trade.  
 There one days *Sufferance* cures the worst that comes  
 And thence they are releas'd for easie *Sums*.  
 Oh! *Rome*, for Price and Time thou'rt too severe,  
 Keeping an honest Monarch in two year,  
 That never yet deserv'd to come there.  
 Priests found out this for good of human Race;  
 Th' Almighty never thought of such a Place.  
 Oh! *Rome*, thou art a wise and learned Nation,  
 To add a place wanting in Gods Creation.

A

# A Stanza

Lately put upon

## T Y B U R N.

Hail Reverend Tripos, Guardian of the Law;  
Sacred to Justice, Treasons greatest awe!  
Do thou decide the Nations weighty Cause,  
And judge between the Judges and the Laws.  
So shall thy guiltless Blood thy Timber e're pollute,  
But Righteous Laws shall vouch all thou shalt  
execute.

• Harry

# Harry Care's

## Last Will and Testament.

NOT Hell it self, nor gloomy Fate, can save  
 The Lewdest Sinner from his destin'd Grave :  
 But all the Sooty Surges once must try,  
 Old Charon's Boat's a certain Destiny.  
 This Harry found, whose moldring Corps did call  
 For Physick props t' uphold the human Wall ;  
 Thinking himself to *Ne plus ultra* come,  
 He thought of Winding Sheets, and of his Tomb :  
 Summon'd his glorious Kindred to appear,  
 To see his last, and his last Will to hear ;  
 The Weeping Crowd the mournful Chamber fill,  
 While he in dying Accents makes his Will.

*Imprimis*, for my Soul (if such I have)  
 I wish it buried with me in my Grave :  
 For if what great Divines do preach and tell,  
 Be real Verities, of Heaven and Hell :  
 Down to the gloomy Shores I surely go,  
 The same I serv'd above must serve below.

And

And next, for my dear Wife, who Weeps my fall,  
And is chief Mourner at my Funeral ;  
My sole Executrix I do here make,  
And let her all my Goods and Chattels take :  
Besides, my Province too let her command,  
That undiscover'd lies in *Fairy-Land*.  
To her my unsold Pamphlets I bequeath,  
To buy her Brandy and Tobacco with :  
And if she do a Male or Stallion take,  
I hope he'll use her kindly for my sake ;  
With equal Strength the Marriage-Yoke she'll  
If he but drench her well with *Usquebah*. (draw,

My Daughter next, the Off-spring of my Bed,  
I pour a double Blessing on her Head ;  
The only Legacy I can bestow,  
And more than Heaven gave me here below ;  
May she the *Irish* Witness wed, and raise  
A Race of Evidences for our Cause.

And for those kinder Folks that propt my Pains,  
I freely leave them both my Pen and Brains :  
May they my little Artifices use,  
To raise up Factions, and the Crowd amuse,  
Till being doubly dipt in Infamy,  
Like me unpityed, and unenvy'd die.

Now

Now to the numerous Crowd that do's survive,  
I only can my dying Counsel give :  
The Western Exhibaries I approve,  
And even dying to declare my Lov'd  
I charge them to stand firm unto their Trust,  
Accounting what's their Interest, to be Just.  
The Females I commend to Brother Cox,  
Who if he cannot cure, can give the Pox ;  
And may he still the vigorous warmth retain,  
T' impart to stroaling She in Street or Lane.

I've nothing more to give to all the rest,  
But leave Ten Thousand Curses on the Test ;  
And who do its Abolishing withstand,  
I leave upon them an Eternal Brand.  
And for the Penal Laws they like so well,  
I'll write for their Repeal when I'm in Hell ;  
And if Darn'd Plato's Laws are like to these,  
I'll quickly sue him out a Writ of Ease,  
I there will my Occurrence truly state,  
Whilst some Infernal L--kin Prints the Cheat ;  
I Hells black Tyrant will both sooth and praise,  
And even in Sulph'rous Styx Sedition raise.

# A New Song.

Wou'd you be a Man of Favor ?  
Wou'd you have your Fortune kind ?

Wear the Crois and eat the Wafer,  
And you'll have all things t' your Mind.

If the Priest cannot convert you,

Interest then must do the thing :

There be Friars can inform you

How to please a Popish King.

Wou'd you see the Papist Lowring,

Lost in a hurry and a fright,

And there Father Peters scouring,

Glad of Times happy Flight.

Stay but till the Dutch are Laaded,

And the Show will soon appear ;

When th' Infernal Court's disbanded,

Few will stay for Harbour here.

A

A

---

# A New Catch

In Praise of the  
Reverend Bishops,

T<sup>ue</sup> Englishmen, drink a good Health to  
the Mitre;

Let our Church ever Flourish, tho her Enemies  
Spite Her:

May their Cunning and Forces no longer pre-  
vail,

And their Malice, as well as their Arguments,  
fail.

Then remember the Seven which supported our  
Cause,

As Stout as our *Martyrs*, and as Just as our  
*Laws*.

A

A

---

# A New Song.

---

To the Tune of, *Packington's Pound.*

---

TO our once Loyal Town, is lately come  
down,  
Such an *Hodge-podge* of *Benchers*, as never wore  
Gown :  
*Saints*, fit for the Legend of *Romes Pseudo*  
*Martyrs*,  
Who have Pawn'd th' *Old Religion*; to purchase  
*New Charters* ;  
To promote *Publick Faith*, they are zealously  
bent,  
And Bugger *Geneva* to Fructifie *Trent*.  
When *Satan* was *squeamish*, and long'd for a  
*Dainty*,  
*The Pope* *Fritasseed* him this *New Four-and*  
*twenty*.

## II.

The first a *State-Jocky*, bred up of a Groom,  
 'Twixt a *Colchester-Mare*, and a Stallion of  
*Rome*:

He Cants when at *Hollet's*, on *Hopkins* his  
 Metre,

And drops *Pater-Nosters* with *Lowick* and  
*Petre*:

Thus he Banters *Non-Cons* with Prophane *Mas-  
 querade*.

And quacks on the *Gospel* to force a lost Trade.

*When Satan was squeamish, &c.*

## III.

The next *Cacafugo*, once a Captain of Peace  
 At the sight of cold Iron he melts in his  
 Grease;

Yet he looks Indignation, and huffs like an  
 Hector;

He Whores like an Abbot, and drinks like a  
 Rector.

The

The third *Nicodemus*, a Seeker by  
Night; sr.

The fourth Father *Whitebread*, who Halts for  
New Light.

*When Satan was squeamish, &c.*

IV.

The fifth and the sixth, two precise  
*Renegades*; B. and A.

The one *Jack of Diamonds*, and the other of  
*Spades*:

For Orphans and Widows they beautifie *Cloy-  
sters*,

And swallow their Houses, as Barnacle Oy-  
sters;

But no Dish so fit when his *Holiness* treats,

As an \* *Oleopodrido* of Zealots and \* A great  
Italian  
Dish.  
Cheats.

*When Satan was squeamish, &c.*

## V.

Next formal Sir *Foplin*, who often has  
flunk,

With a Tester at *Rose's* to purchase a Punk;

But if Porter or Carman be possest of his  
Doxie,

He adopts his kind Hostess her Spiritual  
Proxie.

Thus a *Puritan* Lecher (though with a lewd  
Slut)

May solace the Spirit, while the Flesh goes to  
Rut.

*When Satan was squeamish, &c.*

## VI.

Lo here \* *Gog* and *Magog* at once re-  
present

\* Fat St.  
Lean Jeff.

The Prophane *Carnaval*, and Idolatrous *Lent*;

Both

Both Teckelites true, as were † *Titus*  
and *Eustace*; † *Oats* and  
*Comins* in  
the Plot.

The Guts of good Manners, and Garbage of  
Justice:

But nothing more proper to vacuate Laws,  
Than the Mouth of Rebellion, and Rump of the  
Cause.

*When Satan was squeamish*, &c.

VII.

Advance Ruffling Dick to supply the next place,

Who on a bad Matter oft shams a worse Face:

When the *Algerine Caper* has boarded his Frigat,

He can fawn like a *Floater*, and cringe like a  
*Bigot*.

Well the good natur'd *Wittal* may wink at his  
Fate,

Since he that Cornutes him has bugger'd the  
State.

*When Satan was squeamish*, &c.

## VIII.

We'll refer Young *Tertullus* t'a Bill of Review,

Lest he shou'd Repeal what he never yet knew:

His Worship we'll leave to his new *Breviaries*,

'Till One *Miserere's* worth Ten *Avemaries*;

For a *Janus*-like Convert, who in Faith interlopes,

Like a *Cordelier*-Friar, must be sav'd by his Ropes.

When Satan was squeamish, and long'd for a Dainty,

The Pope Fricasseed him this new Four-and twenty.

A

---

# A New Song OF THE M A Y O R (of Scarborough) Being tossed in a Blanket, in the North.

---

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound*.

---

From the farthermost part of the North we  
have News  
Of a Man of some Note that receiv'd an A-  
buse :

For a Dog to be toss'd in a Blancket, 'tis  
known,  
But alas, what is that to the Mayor o' a  
Town?

For a great Magistrate  
To be us'd at that rate,  
All the World must allow  
It is very hard Fate.

G 4

Ah!

Ah ! is it not strange ? Amongst Wonders we rank it,

That the Mayor of a Town shou'd be toss'd in a Blanket.

Had a drunken *Tom Tinker* the Penance receiv'd,

Or a Vintner for stumming his Wine, who'd have griev'd ?

Had they bolted a Baker for making light Bread,

Or a Taylor for snipping a Yard for a Shred ;

Had it been but a Tapster

For Nicking and Frothing,

Wee'd been contented

To take it for nothing.

But as the Case stands, who, alas ! do' n't resent it,

And wish, now 'tis done, that it might be prevented ?

*Diogens*

Diogenes was said once to live in a Tub,  
But a Tenement of Blanket is such an odd  
Jobb  
For a Man of his Rank, we must study the  
Fact,  
Unless 'twas to mind him of the late Woollen  
Act.

However 'twas unkind  
In the midst of his State,  
So to trouble his Thoughts  
With th' Approaches of Fate.

For Men when advanc'd to the height of their  
Glory,

Have something to dream on besides Purga-  
tory.

For a new Convert in Relick to be wrapt,

To secure him from Danger, it often has  
happ'd;

But had this been such, in no Story we find  
A Mayor to cut Capors like a Witch in the  
Wind;

Sure

Sure there's something exceeding  
Must cause this Extream ;  
Yet if we dare take it,  
As Old Wives do Dream,  
**Unadvis'd** mistaking between waking and  
sleep,  
He pounded the Parson instead of his Sheep :  
So in that cross Humour they were forc'd for  
to shake him,  
**To shew him his Error** as soon as they wak'd  
him.

But now, to conclude, ah ! Heaven be thank-  
et,  
The Mayor had no harm that was toss'd in  
in a Blanket.

# A New Song.

Ho Brother Teague doſt hear de Decree,  
Lilli Burlero Bullen a la,  
Dat we ſhall have a new Debittie,  
Lilli Burlero, Bullen a la,  
Lero, Lero, Lero, Lero, Lilli Burlero Bullen a la,  
Lero, Lero, Lero, Lero, Lilli Burlero Bullen a la.

Ho by my Shoul it is a ~~Talle~~,  
Lilli, &c.

And he will cut all de English T—t,  
Lilli, &c.  
Lero, Lero, &c.  
Lero, Lero, &c.

Though by my shoul de English do Prat,  
Lilli, &c.

De Law's on dare side, and Chreift knows what,  
Lilli, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.  
Lero, Lero, &c.

But if Dispence do come from de Pope,  
Lilli, &c.

We'll hang *Magno Carto* and demselves in a Rope,  
Lilli, &c.  
Lero, Lero, &c.  
Lero, Lero, &c.

And the good *T—t* is made a Lord,  
Lilli, &c.

And he with brave Lads is coming aboard,  
Lilli, &c.  
Lero Lero, &c.  
Lero, Lero, &c.

Who'! all in *France* have taken a swear,  
Lilli, &c.

Dat day will have no Protestant hei—r,  
Lilli, &c.  
Lero, Lero, &c.  
Lero, Lero, &c.

O but why do's he stay behind ?

Lilli, &c.

Ho by my Shoul 'tis a Protestant Wind,

Lilli, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

Now *Tyburn* is come a-shore,

Lilli, &c.

And we shall have Commissions gillore,

Lilli, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

And he dat will not go to M——fs,

Lilli, &c.

Shall turn out and look like an Af's,

Lilli, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

Now now de Hereticks all go down,

Lilli, &c.

By

By Chreist and St. Patrick de Nation's our own,

Lilli, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

There was an Old Prophesie found in a Bog,

Lilli, &c.

That Ireland should be rul'd by an Ass and a Dog,

Lilli, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

And now this Prophecy is come to pass,

Lilli, &c.

For I—but's the Dog, and Tyr—nel's the Ass,

Lilli, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

Lero, Lero, &c.

Tom

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# Tom Tyler: OR THE NURSE.

Old Stories of a *Tyler* sing,  
That did attempt to be a King :  
Our Age is with a *Tyler* grac'd,  
By more preposterous Planets rais'd.  
His Cap with *Jocky's* match'd together,  
Turn'd to a Beaver and a Feather ;  
His Clay transform'd to Yellow Guilt,  
And Trowel to a Silver Hilt.

His Lady from the Tiles and Bricks,  
Kidnap'd to Court in Coach and Six ;  
Her Arms a fucking Prince embrace,  
(VVhatere're you think) of Royal Race :  
A Prince, come in the Nick of Time  
(Bless'd *Dada!* 'tis a Venial Crime  
That shall repeal our Breach of State,  
VVhile all the VWorld congratulate,  
Shall, like his Sire, suppress the Just,  
Raise Knaves and Fools to place of Trust ;

*Titus*

*Titus and Vane*, who sought his Fate,  
*Tylers and Macs*, two Chits of State:  
But here, unhappy Babe, Alas,  
I cannot but lament thy Case !  
That Thou, fed up with *Rome's* strong Meats,  
Shou'd long for Milk of Heretick Teats !  
Among the Daughters was there none  
Worthy to Nurse a Monarch's Son,  
That Thou, in spight of all the Priests,  
Shoud'st long for Milk of Heretick Breasts :  
But if thy Uncle, who before  
Was always right, chang'd the last hour,  
If thy undoubted Sire, so sage,  
Declar'd i'th' Evening of his Age ;  
Why shou'dst not thou, *Papist* so soon,  
Be a stanch *Protestant* e're Noon ?

This said, the *Tyler* laugh'd in's Sleeve,  
And took his Audience of Leave ,  
The Prince, who answer'd ne're a Word,  
That he shou'd Travel did accord ;  
To *Paris*, sent to learn *Grimace*,  
To Swear and Damn with a *Boon Grace*.

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## To the Haters of Popery,

*By what Names or Titles soever dignified  
or distinguished.*

**T**HUS 'twas of Old : then *Israel* felt the Rod,  
When they obey'd their Kings and not  
their God ;

When they went *Whoreing* after other *Loves*,  
To worship *Idols* in new planted *Groves*.

They made their *Gods* of *Silver, Wood and Stone*,  
And *bow'd* and *worship'd* them when they had  
done.

And to compleat their *Sins* in every way, (say,) A  
They made 'em things call'd *Priests* ; *Priests* did I B  
A *Crew* of *Villains* more *Prophane* than they. C  
Hence sprung that *Romish Crew*, first spawn'd in  
*Hell*,

Who now in vice their *Pedagogues* excell ;  
Their Church consists of vicious *Popes*, the rest  
Are *whoreing Nuns*, and bawdy *Bugg'ring Priests*.

A Noble Church! dawb'd with Religious Paint,  
Each Priest's a Stallion, every Rogue's a Saint.

Come you that loath this Brood: this murthering Crew,

Your Predecessors well their Mercies knew.

Take courage now, and be both bold and wise;

Stand for your Laws, Religion, Liberties,

You have the odds, the Law is still your own,

They're but your Traytors, therefore pull them down;

They struck with fear for to destroy your Laws

There, raving mad, you see they fix their paws,

Because from them they fear their fatal fall,

And by them Laws they know you'll hang them all:

Then keep our Laws, the Penal and the rest,

And give your Lives up e'er you give the Test.

And thou great Church of England, hold thy own

Force you they may, otherwise give up none,

Robbers and Thieves must pay for what they've done.

Let all thy mighty Pillars now appear

Zealous and brave, void both of hate and fear.

That

That *Popish Fops* may grin, lie, cheat and whine;  
And curse their *Faith*, while all admire thine.  
And thou brave *Oxford, Cambridge*, and the rest,  
Great *Hough* and *Fairfax*, that durst beard the  
Beast.

Let all the Just with thanks record their name  
On standing *Pillars* of immortal fame.

*Let God arise, and his Enemies perish,*

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*Protestantism Reviv'd:*  
OR THE  
Persecuted Church Triumphing.

**I**N Sable weeds I saw a Matron clad, (was sad,  
Whose Looks were grave, who Countenance  
Pensive with care, she musing late alone,  
Her State too too unhappy to bemoan :  
Deep bitter pangs I saw her undergo,  
And pay the tributary drops of woe,  
So wept *Ducalion* when he saw the State  
And face of Nature chang'd and desolate.  
By this dumb Elegy a while sh' express'd  
The gloomy sorrows of her troubled breast.  
Then heaving up her head, she silence broke,  
And with a heavy sigh dejected spoke.

Good God! what grief surrounds my aged head!  
What new distracting woes I daily wed!  
Who am by spightful foes in triumph led :  
They pierce my side with wounds, they break my  
rest,  
And snatch my fucking Children from my breast:  
My

My elder Sons inhumanely they treat,  
My weaker ones they bubble with Deceit.  
Thus they insult, thus put me to disgrace,  
And spit their frothy Venom in my face :  
My growing Sorrows to compleat the more,  
I'm flouted by a Babylonish Whore.  
Put me to death they can't, since Heav'n decreed  
I must not die, though with my Saviour bleed,  
But humbly should in after-times succeed :  
What most my anxious Soul tormented hath,  
Is, he that should defend, betrays my Faith.  
Thus, thus abus'd, I'm to all Griefs betray'd,  
Thus my Delights are double Sorrows made,  
Who e'er was curb'd by such a Concubine ?  
Who so perplex'd? was ever grief like mine ?

Then she bow'd down her head, and with her tears  
Bedew'd the parched Earth : when streight appears  
A Comforter by pitying Heaven sent  
To raise her drooping Spirits almost spent :  
Who when he had respectful Homage paid,  
In terms obliging reverently said,  
Mother, I know the cause of all thy Grief,  
I'm sent thy Succour, and thy true Relief:

Thy God has heard thy Sighs, thy faithful  
Prayers

And graciously receiv'd thy flowing *Tears*:  
I'll whipe them off, I'll rugged Grief expell,  
And usual Joy shall in thy Count'nance dwell:  
I've made thy haughty Domineerers bow,  
And own their Lives they to my bounty owe:  
I've foil'd them all, I have disarm'd them quite,  
They have the power to bark, but not to bite.  
To ease your pain by th'God of Heav'n I'm sent,  
He acts, and I'm the Honour'd Instrument.

Then she arose, Joy smiling in her Eye,  
And with a chearful Voice did thus reply:  
Thanks gracious God, thanks thou Victorious Son,  
By whom I have my wonted Glory won:  
Rejoyce my *Sons*, and *Hallelujahs* sing  
Unto our Saviour, our *Triumphant King*.  
For I an *Anthem* will compose, and then,  
We'll sweetly sound it to our God. *Amen.*

The

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## The OBSERVATOR.

*Roger L'Estrange.*  
Or the History of Hodge, as reported by  
some from his siding with Noll, and scrib-  
ling for Rome.

Stand forth thou grand Impostor of our time,  
The Nations Scandal, Punishment and Crime;  
Unjust Usurper of ill gotten Praise,  
Unmatch'd by all but thy leud *Brother Bayes*;  
How well have you your sev'ral Gallants chose,  
Dammably to plague the World in Verse and Prose.  
Like two *Twin Comets*: when you do appear  
We justly may suspect some danger near.  
He lately did under correction pass,  
Honcur'd by that great hand that gave the Lash,  
A doom too glorious for that cursed head,  
And unproportion'd to the Life he lead,  
But you are to a viler fate desigu'd,  
To suffer by a vulgar hand like mine,  
We'll tear your Vizard and unmask your shame,  
And at each corner Gibbet up your name.

Expose you to the Scorn of all you meet,  
As Dogs drag grinning Cats about the Street,  
Under Usurping *Noll* you first began  
To rear your Head and shew your self a Man;  
Unpitying saw the Royal Party fall,  
And Danc'd and Fidled to the Funeral;  
Disclaim'd their Interest and renounc'd their side,  
And with the Independant straight comply'd;  
Officious in their Service wrote for Hire;  
A brisk Crowdero in the Factious Quire:  
Your nimble Pen on all their Errands run;  
The Horoscope still opens to the Sun.  
There 'twas in those unhappy days,  
You laid foundation for designed Praise;  
By disrespect ignobly purchas'd shame,  
And damn'd your Soul to scandalize your Name:  
When *Charles* at length by Providence came in,  
You fac'd about and quickly chang'd the Scene;  
Turn'd to new Notes your mercenary strings,  
Began to play Divinity of Kings:  
Your former Master straightway is forgot,  
Stile'd Villain, Rogue, Thief Murderer, what  
not?  
Such recompence he doth deserve to have,  
Who for his Interest durst employ a Knave.

Now

Now 'twas a time you thought to take your ease,  
After such great Exploits perform'd as these:  
Applauding to your self your own deserts,  
You strait set up for a vain Ass of Parts;  
Resolving that the Ladies too should know,  
What other Tricks and Gambals you could do.  
Was there a skipping Whore about the Town?  
Or private Baudy-house to you unknown?  
Here for a Stallion, there for a Pimp you went;  
To do both Drudgeries alike content.  
Till fair *J---na B---* possess'd your Eyes,  
Whom you with powerful Guinea's did surprise,  
And spent her Husbands pay betwixt her Thighs.  
The crafty Cuckold winkt at the deceit,  
For who e'er lost, he was sure to get.  
But worse success you had with Madam *C---k*,  
Whom in the Act her Husband took:  
Strong *Bastinado* o're your shoulders laid,  
Made you a while surcease that lecherous trade,  
Till growing old in customary sin,  
You with a Chaster Lady did begin,  
Whom when you found she all Assaults refus'd,  
And would not yield her self to be abus'd;  
Down on your Knees you presently was laid,  
And thus (O righteous Heaven) devoutly pray'd:  
Since

Since you disdain the kind request to grant,  
Dear Madam let me lay my hand upon't.  
This is the Man whose whole Discourse and  
Tone,  
Is Honour, Justice, Truth, Religion ;  
Was such a Godly Rascal ever known ?  
But now reform'd by indigence of Gold.  
Your former wanton course grew slack and cold,  
For 'twas at first indeed too hot to hold.  
Now new expedients must employ your Brain,  
And other Methods for advance of Gain ;  
Something contriv'd in private, touch'd the State,  
Which made you timely think of a retreat ;  
Beyond Sea then the wretched Caitiff flies,  
A guilty Conscience has Quick-sighted Eyes.  
When you return'd, you fell to work amain,  
And took up your old Scribbling trade again ;  
Some sorry scandal on Fanaticks thrown,  
And viler Canting upon Forty one ;  
You though sufficient to oblige the Crown ;  
Then who but you, the World was all your own.  
Now for the Church of *England* you declare,  
A witty zealous Protestant appear ;  
Your secret spies and emissaries use  
To pay for false Intelligence and News :

When

When nam'd in two Diurnals you dispence  
Equally void of Reason, Truth, and Sense.  
Guinea's now from every quarter came  
To pay respect to your encroaching Fame,  
While you at *sam's* like a grave Doctor sate,  
Teaching the Minor Clergy how to prate,  
Who lickt your Spittle up and then came down,  
And shed the nasty Drivle o're the Town.  
Ay these were blessed times and happy days,  
When all the World conspired to your praise:  
He who refus'd and would no Token send,  
Must be traduc'd as the Dissenters Friend:  
And that your Greatness no regard might lack,  
You got a Knighthood chopp'd upon your Back,  
But something now has stopt that rapid stream,  
And you have nothing more to say for them:  
Your piercing Eye discovers from afar,  
The glittering Glory of some further Star,  
Which bids you pay your adoration there.  
Inconstant Rover, whether do'st thou tend?  
When will thy tedious Villanies have end?  
Whither at last do'st thou intend to go?  
Of which party wilt thou e'er prove true?  
To Turk, or Pope, to Protestant or Jew?  
Should

Should I here all thy Villanies recount,  
To what a mighty summ do they amount?  
Thy solemn Protestations, Oaths and Lies,  
Devices, Shams, Evasions, Perjuries,  
My Paper to a Volum would exceed,  
Of greater bulk than *Hollingbœad* and *Speed*.  
For thou art now so scandalously known,  
And so remarkable in Vice alone,  
That every one can find a stone to throw  
At such a snarling pimping Cur as thou.  
But wretch! if still thou art not past all Grace,  
And wholsome counsel can with thee fad place;  
If thou at last sincerely wouldest attone,  
And expiate thy former mischiefs done,  
Like dying *Judas* render back thy self,  
Recant thy Books and then go hang thy self.

## A View of the Religion of the Town:

O R,

*A Sunday Mornings Ramble.*

### I.

ON Saturday night we sate late at the Rose,  
Carousing a glass to our Wives Repose,  
After our usual Mode ;  
Till we drank so long,  
That Religion came on,  
For we were full of the God.

At Pro and Con  
We held till One,  
And then we agreed in the Close  
To let Wording alone,  
And Ramble the Town,  
To see how Religion grows.

II. We

## II.

We began at the Church of Saint Peter,  
 Whose Prebends make many Mouths water,  
 Religion did here,

Like Grave Matron appear,  
 Neat, but not Gawdy, like Courtezan Rome,  
 Plain, but no Slut like you Geneva Dame.

She hath on an old Stuff,  
 With a Primitive Ruff,  
 And round the Seam of her Vest,  
 In Musick-Notes scrawl'd all o'er,  
 Loyalty express'd she bore,  
 By which at her Church we guess'd.

## III.

At the *Tombs* we did peep,  
 Where the Kings were asleep,  
 And the Choire melodiously chanted,  
 Without any concern,  
 As we could discern  
 Of being *Be-Quo-warranted*.

And

And we fancy, at the last cast (Sir)  
When among the rest  
They come to the *Test*,  
Saint Peter will deny his Master.

IV.

Then shifting our *Protestant Dress*,  
To the Royal Chappel we pres,  
Where Religion was fine indeed,  
But with Facings and Fringings,  
With Crossings and Cringings,  
Entirely run up to Seed.

Good God, what distraction there reign'd,  
Where Union in Worship was feign'd !

For I spy'd a poor Maid  
Just come to the Trade,  
(For I fancy she was but a Learner)  
Who was but at most (Sir)  
Half through *Pater-Noster*,  
When the Priest was at *Amen-Corner*.

## V.

Not an *Irib-mans Breeches* has half the Petitions  
We saw put up there for various Conditions,  
    Sent to the bless'd Maid  
    With Care and with speed,  
And she soon had a Fellow-feeling,  
    For she was not far off,  
    But got up aloft,  
Most curiously drawn on the Cealing  
    By the Royal command ;  
    Where *Verrio's* great Hand  
(Such to the Saints is his Love)  
    To the *Virgin* has given  
    As glorious a Heaven,  
As that she enjoys and reigns in above.  
    Whether like the Rogue drew her,  
    They can tell best that knew her,  
Though most men are apt to conjecture,  
    When he drew the bless'd Maid  
    (Moral Fancy to aid)  
His Mistress sat for the Picture.

## VI. Then

## VI.

Then, bidding Farewell to their Goddess and  
(them,  
We put in at the *Savoy*, or *New Amsterdam*,  
Not to find our Religion, but to see some odd  
(Sights  
To which Father *Corker's* Chappel invites :  
As in ours sometimes we plac'd Saints and Mar-  
(tyrs,  
So this Holy Room was surrounded with Tray-  
(tors,  
In Halters there hung,  
Just so as they swung,  
Saint *Coleman*, and most of the Gang (Boy)  
And wa'n't it for something  
That's just next to nothing,  
Perhaps there had hung our new Envoy.

I

The

## THE

## Papists Exaltation,

*On His Highness the Prince of Orange  
His Arrival in London.*

Now, now, the Prince is come to Town,  
The Nation's Dread and Hope;  
Who will support the Church and Throne,  
Against the Turk and Pope.  
The Folks are fled that were the Head,  
The prop of Popery, if all be true as it's said:  
*Then hey Boys up go we.*

The Queen with her Adopted Heir,  
Is on her way to Rome;  
And all Undone, has left us here,  
To end the Dance at home.  
The Holy Fathers too are flown,  
Saint Fetre, Gregory,  
And if our Cause should once go down,  
*Then hey Boys up go we..*

shelton

Skelton, Sherbourn, fled for fear,  
Have render'd up the Keys;  
And now our Magazine of War  
Is made the seat of Peace.  
The Chancellor is in the Tower,  
A woful sight to see;  
And when he by the Head is lower,  
*Then hey boys up go we.*

Lord A----del and B---sis,  
With P----is are withdrawn;  
The World had not such Braves as these  
To guard a Popish throne.  
When P-----row turn'd of late,  
With brawny S----ry;  
Their haughty Necks submit to Fate,  
*Then hey boys up go we.*

Poulton is in Newgate fast,  
And some say Father Petre;  
If they at Tyburn Swing at last,  
Who can die Martyrs greater;

When Father *Ellis* is withdrawn,  
Who was so bold and free,  
And Conquest for his Tongue is flown,  
*Then hey boys up go we.*

The *Orange* grafted in *White-ball*,  
And *Lucas* in the *Tower*;  
The Fathers fled both great and small,  
'Tis time that we should scowre.  
The *Rabble* they have eas'd the Town  
Of Priests and Popery;  
When once they pull the Chappels down,  
*Then hey boys up go we.*

---

The

THE  
FAREWELL.

I.

Farewell *Petre*, farewell *Cross* ;  
Farewell *Chester*, farewell *Aſſ*.  
Farewell *P-----row*, farewell *Tool* ,  
Farewell *Sunderland*, farewell *Fool*.

II.

Farewell *M-----d*, farewell *Scot* ;  
Farewell *Butler*, farewell *Sot*.  
Farewell *Roger*, farewell *Trimmer* ;  
Farewell *Dreyden*, farewell *Rhimer*.

## III.

Farewell *Brent*, farewell Villain ;  
Farewell *Wright*, worse than *Trefilian*.  
Farewell Chancellor, farewell Mace ;  
Farewell Prince, farewell Race.

## IV.

Farewell Q----n, farewell Passion ;  
Farewell K---g, farewell Nation.  
Farewell Priests, and farewell Pope ;  
Farewell all that deserve a R----

---

The

T H E  
EXPLANATION.

To the Tune of, *Hey Boys up go we.*

I.

OUR Priests in Holy Pilgrimage,  
Quite through the Land have gone,  
Surveying each Religious House  
Of Abbot, Fry'r, and Nun :  
The yearly Rent,  
And full Extent  
Of every one they know ;  
And in whose hands  
Are all our Lands,  
As ancient Writers show.

I 4

II. Those

## I I.

Those Places all shall be restor'd,  
 As in short time you'll hear ;  
 I know the Man has pass'd his word,  
 Of which you need not fear :  
 He did ne'er evade  
 One Promise made,  
 Nor fail'd a Friend in Woe ;  
 But when 'twill be,  
 Nor I, nor he,  
 Nor the Devil himself does know.

## I I I.

Religious Men shall hither haste,  
 Their Zeal shall make them run ;  
 The Jesuits shall your Wives keep Chaste,  
 Each Fry'r Confess his Nun :  
 The Men shall Shrive,  
 The Women Sw----ve,  
 So all shall be forgiyen ;  
 Your Daughters Whore,  
 Then quit their Score,  
 And make them fit for Heaven.

IV. For

IV.

For Lady Abbess shall appear  
An old Flux'd Bawd or Punk,  
Has F——k'd and B——gger'd threescore years,  
Talk'd Bawdy, and been Drunk ;  
Religious Puns  
To teach the Nuns  
Committed to her Charge ;  
And mortifie  
Their Letchery,  
As Nature does enlarge.

V.

The Vestals all shall Virgins be  
That never went astray,  
Have been train'd up Religiously  
The clean contrary way :  
In Julian's Song  
For Whoring long,  
Tho' oft they've noted been ;  
Nature of Force  
Will have its Course,  
'T was all but Venial Sin.

VI. Your

## VI.

Your Colledges shall be our own,  
As vacancy does fall ;  
We'll strip each Doctor of his Gown,  
The Parsons turn out all :  
Their Revenues great,  
With pleasant Seat,  
The Church to us has given,  
To sing you Mass,  
Confess each *Aff*,  
And make you fit for Heaven.

## VII.

Nor will we any longer wait,  
After such notice given ;  
Nor shall they in the Pulpits prate,  
Or teach the way to Heaven :  
'Tis our Province,  
You to convince ;  
Our *Arguments* shall be,  
Without Dispute  
To make you mute,  
Then, Hey Boys, up go we.

VIII. Now

VIII.

Now, Hereticks, consider well  
The Game you have to play ;  
You yet may keep on this side Hell,  
If warn'd by what we say :  
But e'er your Lands  
Shall 'scape our hands,  
Which have been long our due ;  
We'll Stab, we'll Shoot,  
And Damn to boot,  
Then, Hey Boys, up go you.

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A New  
SONG  
ON THE  
Prince and Princess  
OF  
ORANGE.

## I.

Since *Orange* is on Brittish Land,  
That Protestant who will not stand  
To him, and under his Command,  
Befriends the Romish Cause,  
Gives all our Liberties away,  
Our Lives to Popish Priests a prey,  
And *Magna Charta* does betray  
The Test and Penal Laws.

II. Bid

II.

Bid too Illustrious *Moll* appear,  
We sha'n't have then more cause to fear,  
From any Jesuit practice here,  
The Lawful Heir to cheat.

Then to her Highness a full Glass,  
The Second Faith-defending Lass,  
And to her Good Man : but the Mass  
Let Providence defeat.

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TYR.

## TYRCONNELL'S

## Distracted Readings

Upon his *Irish* Forces in *England*.In Allusion to Mr. Cowley's *Pindarick Ode*  
upon *Destiny*.*Hoc quoque fatale est sic ipsum expendere  
fatum. Manil.*

## I.

1. **S**trange and unnatural, let's stay and see  
This Pageant of a Prodigy.
2. Lo, of themselves, Dear Joyes, like chess-men  
(move,  
Lo, the unbred, ill-contriv'd Machins prove  
As full of Craft and Cruelty,  
Of Baseness and of Entchery,  
As we our self, who fear'd they wan't so fierce  
(as we.

Here

- Here a proud *Pawn* in *Irish* shape Padmire,  
That still designing higher,
3. (Till the Fool lost his *Lot*  
By blabbing out their *Plot*,  
Foretelling the design'd St. *Clement's* flood  
He hop'd to see run with *Heretick Blood*:
4. For which *twice Whipt*, that done,  
And's Gauntlet Race begun)  
At the Goal end became
5. Another *Thing* and *Name*.
6. Here I'm amaz'd at the actions of a *Knight*,  
That does bold *Flunders* in no *Fight*;  
Whose Landlords swear he has lost his Senses  
(quite,  
For he can't hear their Wrongs, nor see to do  
(them Right.
7. Here I, (woe's me) Usurping *Rooks* do blame,  
For those false *Moves*, that thus has broke our  
(*Game*;  
That to their *Grave* the *Bag*, those Conquer'd  
(*Machins* bring  
But above all, th' ill *Conduct* of the *Mated*  
(*King*.

II. What

## II.

What e'er these seem, what e'er *Philosophy*  
 And *Sense* or *Reason* tell, said I,  
 These *Tools* have *Life*, *Election*, *Liberty*,  
 'Tis their own *Native W'isdom* Molds their  
 (State ;  
 Their *Wit* and *Folly*, make their *Fate*,  
 They do, they do, said I, but strait,  
 Lo, from my enlightned Eyes, the Mists and Sha-  
 dows fell,  
 Which hinder *Spirits* from being *Visible* ;  
 1. And then appear'd the *Locusts* come from  
 (Hell ;  
 When Lo, I see the *Jesuits* play'd the *Mate*.  
 With them alas ! no otherwise it proves ;  
 An *unseen Hand* makes all their *Moves* ;  
 And some are *Great*, and some are *Small*,  
 Some climb from *good*, some from *good For-*  
 (tune fall :  
 Those senceless *Teagues*, and these *Dear Joys*  
 (we call  
 Figures, alas, of *speech*, for *Pop'ry playes us all*.

## III. Me

## III.

Me from the *Womb*, *Midwife Pope Joan* did take ;  
She cut my *Navel*, *Wash'd me*, and my *Head*  
With her own *Hands* she *Fashioned* ;  
She did a *Covenant* with me make,  
And *Circumciz'd* my tender *Soul* and thus she  
                        (spake,

Thou Bygot of my *Roman Church* shall be ;  
    *Hate* and *Renounce* (said she )  
*Sense*, *Reason*, *Laws*, and *Teft*, *Justice* and *Truth*  
                        ( for me.

So shalt thou great at *Court* be, but in *War*  
1. Thy flight from *Dublin* Gallows will thee bar.  
Boast thou of thy great fertile *Praise*,  
Thy design'd *Massacre* will raise,  
Although thou liv'st not to enjoy the *Days*.  
She spake, and all my years to come  
Bewitch'd took their unlucky *Doom*.  
Their several ways of *Life* let others chuse ;  
Their several *Pleasures* let them use :  
But I was Born for *Hate* and to *Abuse*.

K

IV. With

## IV.

With *Fate* what boots it to contend?  
Such I *begin*, such *am*, and so must *end*;

The *Star* that did my *Being* frame,  
Was but a *Lambent Flame*:  
And some small Light it did dispence,  
But neither Wit nor Sense,  
Nor Heat, nor Influence.

No matter *Talbot*, let the *Blind Goddess* see  
How *Grateful* thou can'st be,

For all her Elegible Gifts conferr'd on thee,  
(Specifick Essences of *Popery*)

As Folly, Lust and Flattery,  
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,  
Murther, Self-will and Infidelity,  
Cowerdice and Hypocrify.

Do thou Rejoyce, not Blush to be,

As all th' Inspir'd *Disingenuous* Men,  
I. And all thy Damn'd *Fore-Fathers* were, from  
(*Martell* down to *Pen*,

I. Strange

## Notes on the First Stanza.

1. *Strange and Unnatural.* It's as Strange that *England* should want *Ireland*, as it is Unnatural for her War-like Spirits to brook their Infantry's Assistance.

2. *Themselves.* By their Barbarous, Thievish, and Rapacious Behaviours, where ever they Marched, one would think, they had no Officer to Command them.

3. A Dear *Joy* twice Whipt in *Covent-Garden*, for saying he hoped to see the Streets run with *Heretical Blood* on St. Clement's Day at Night, when, it seems, the Massacre was designed to be.

4. *Viz.* For discovering the *Plot*; not for the Words speaking, as the gull'd Protestants were made to believe.

5. *Another Thing and Name.* *Viz.* The *Irish Gentleman Souldier* by Father *Whip* and *Gauntlet*, was immediately Transubstantiated into a Cashier'd Scoundrel Rogue.

6. An *Irish Spark*, whose behaviour in his sundry Quarters from *Chester* to *London* and *Portsmouth* proclaim him.

7. *Usurping Rooks.* i. e. The *Irish Priests*, not content with their own natural Motions, but endeavoured to leap over the *Bishops Heads*, to make Vacancies for their own Perswasion.

## Notes on the Second Stanza.

1. *Locusts.* It was the Opinion of that Reverend Divine Mr. *Joseph Mead*, and that Immortal Philosopher Dr. *Henry Moor*, that the *Jesuits* are meant by the *Locusts* from the Bottomless Pit, in the 9th Chapter of the *Revelations*.

### Notes on the Third Stanza.

I. **W**hen *Jepson, Wareing, and Tomson*, were Executed at the Gallows at *Dublin* for *Blood's Plot* against the late Duke of *Ormond*, in the year 1663; some People cry'd out *a Rescue, a Rescue*, which was suspected; at which, 10000 of the gentle Spectators at least, run away from the Gallows, amongst which this famous Warrior by the name of Colonel *T----bot*, spurr'd on to the Gates of the City, which finding shut against him, Couragiotsly ventur'd his Life to save it, by Swimming over the *Liffie*.

### Notes on the Fourth Stanza.

I. **C**harles *Martell*, Son of the Whore *Alpayde*, (by *Pipin the French King*) the great Church Robber, and first violater of *Tythes* in the Christian World, and *Will. Pen the Second*: For which *Martell* was Damn'd, or the *Legend Lies*; for *Eucherie Bishop of Orléance*, in a Vision, saw him in Hell Torments: And that *Eucherie* might believe what he saw, an Angel instructed him to seek for *Martell* in his Sepulchre, which he did, but found him not, but the Place all black, and instead of *Martell* a direful Serpent, as you have it in the Annals of *Orléance*.

T H E  
S C A M P E R E R S.

To the Tune of, *Packington's Pound*.

I.

When the Joy of all Hearts, and desire of  
    (All Eyes,  
In whom our chief Refuge and Confidence lies,  
The Protestant Bulwark against all Despair,  
Has depriv'd us at once, of her Self and her Heir :  
    That hopeful young Thing,  
    Begot by a King,  
And a Queen, whose Perfections o'er all the world  
    (Cring.  
A Father whose Courage no Mortal can daunt,  
And a Mother whose Virtue no Scandal can taint.

II.

When Jeffries resigns up the Purse and the Mace,  
Whose impudent Arrogance gain'd him the place,  
When, like Lucifer, thrown from the height of his  
    (pride,  
And the Knot of his Villanies strangely unty'd.

From the Chancery Bawling,  
 He turns a Tarpaulin ;  
 Men still catch at any thing when they are falling ;  
 But a plague of ill fortune, before he could scour,   
 He was taken at *Wapping*, and sent to the *Tower*.

## III.

When Confessor *Petre's* does yield up the Game,  
 And proves to the worst of Religion a shame ;  
 When his Cheating no more o're our Reason  
     ( prevails  
 But is blasted like that of his true Prince of *Wales* :  
     Which was his Contrivance,  
     And our Wise K----gs Connivance,  
 To establish the *Papists* and *Protestants* drive  
     ( hence :  
 But their Cobweb Conception is brought to the  
     ( Test,  
 And the coming of *Orange* has quite spoil'd the  
     ( Jest.

## IV.

When *Pet...rough* noted for all that is ill,  
 Was urg'd by his Wife to the making his Will ;  
 At the hearing which words he did stare, foam,  
     ( and roar,  
 Then broke out in Cursing and calling her  
     ( Whore.  
     And

And for two hours at least  
His Tongue never ceas'd,  
He rail'd on Religion, and dam'n'd the poor Priest,  
And his Friends, who had hope to behold him ex -  
(pire,  
Are afraid by this Bout they shall lose their desire.

V.

Young s——ry fam'd in this great Expedition,  
Not for going to War, but obtaining Commissions;  
It's no Mystery to me if his Courage did fail,  
When the greatest of Monarchs himself did turn  
(Tail:

So that if he took Flight,  
With his Betters by night,  
I am apt to believe the pert Spark was i' th' right:  
For the Papists this Maxim do every where hold,  
*To be forward in Roasting, in Courage less Bold.*

VI.

Nor should B...sis, P...ris, and A...del throng,  
But each in due place have his Attributes fung.

Yet since 'tis believ'd by the strange turn of Times,  
They'll be call'd to account for their Treasonable  
(Crimes,

While the *Damn'd Popish Plot*,  
Is not yet quite forgot,  
For which the Lord *Stafford* went justly to Pot ;  
And to their great comfort I'll make it appear,  
They that gave them their Freedom, themselves  
(are not clear.

## VII.

*Wi. W----ms*, that Friend to the Bishops and Laws,  
As the Devil would have it, espous'd the wrong  
(Cause ;  
Now loath'd by the Commons, and scorn'd by the  
(Peers,  
His Patent for Honour, in pieces he tears,  
Both our *Britains* are fool'd,  
Who the Laws over-ruled,  
And next Parliament each will be plaguely  
(School'd :  
Then try if your Cunning can find out a Flaw  
To preserve you from Judgment according to  
(Law.

## VIII. Sir

VIII.

Sir Edward Hale's Actions I shall not repeat,  
Till by Axe, or by Halter, his Life he compleat,  
Pen's History shall be related by Lobb,  
Who has ventur'd his Neck for a Snack in the Jobb.

All their *Priests* and *Confessors*,  
With their dumb *Idol-Dressers*,  
Shall meet that Reward which is due to Trans-  
gressors,  
And no *Papist* henceforth shall these Kingdoms  
Inherit,  
But *ORANGE* shall reap the Fruit of his Merit.

---

## A NEW

**Protestant Litany.**

From the Race of *Ignatius*, and all their  
(Colleagues,  
From all the long Counsels of *Bougres* and *Teagues*,  
And from Papacy Rampant, and all her Intreagues,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From Cobweb Laun-Charters, from sham-free-  
dom Banters  
Our Liberty keepers, and New-Gospel-Planters,  
In the trusty kind hands of our great *Quo War-*  
(ranters,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From

From High Court Commissions, to *Rome* to  
(*Rejoynus*,  
From a *Rhadamanth Chanc'lor*, the Western  
(*Judge Minos*,  
Made Head of our Church by new *Jure Di-*  
(*vino's*,  
*Liberat Nos*, &c.

From our great *Test* Records, cut out into  
(*Thrum's*,  
From Waste Paper *Law*, us'd with Pasties and  
(*Plums*,  
*Magna Charta*, *Magna Farta*, made Fodder for  
(*Bums*,  
*Liberat Nos*, &c.

From a new-found *stone Doublet* to th'old Sleeves  
(*of Laun*,  
And all to make room for the Pope-Lander  
(*Spawn* ;  
To see a Babe Born, through Bed-Curtains *Close*  
(*Drawn*,  
*Liberat Nos*, &c.

From

From resolving o'er Night, where to Lye-in to  
(Morrow,  
And from cunning Back-door to let Midwife  
(thorough,  
Eight Months Full-grown Man-Child, Born with-  
out Pang or Sorrow,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From a Godfather Pope to the Heir of a  
(Throne;  
From three Christian Names to one Sur-name  
(unknown,  
With a Tyler Milch-Nurse, now the Mothers Milk's  
(gone,  
*Libero Nos, &c.*

From Gun-Powder Bonfires, all turn'd out of  
(play,  
Not a poor Window Candle dare to give a stol'n  
(Ray,  
But all kept reserv'd for Great Simnel's Birth  
(Day,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From

From Dad Petre's Pilots at th' Helm to befriend us,  
With all hands that Pope, Turk, or Devil can  
Send us,  
And all for a Second Queen Bess to defend us,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From Nuntio's from *Rome* to consult how to drub  
The Protestant *Hydra* by our *Hercules Club* ;  
And a *Warming pan Plot*, worse than *Celliers*  
(*Meal-Tub*),  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From old hundred of thousand Pound Fines un-  
der-rated,  
*Russel's Head* for his Common House Votes ele-  
vated,  
And *Essex's Razor* at *Rome* Consecrated,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From *Sampson-Cord Oaths*, snap'd asunder with  
Cease ;  
From *No Faith in Man*, *Coleman's Mouth* with a  
Squeeze  
Stop'd to tell no more Tales of Father *Le Chesé*,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From

From old *Dunkirk* sold for a Song and a  
 (Dance,  
 The Protestant long design'd Cause to Ad-  
 (vance,  
 By Most Christian Reformers, the Dragoons of  
 (France,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From supporting our Church *Alamode Magda-*  
 (lano,  
 From *Mahomet Monsieur* our new Lord *Sol-*  
 (dano,  
 And the English Pipes tun'd to French *Fistula*  
 (in ano.  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From *Tyrconnel's* Bog-trotters at th'old Trade of  
 (Throat-cutting,  
 From new Conqu'ring *Ireland* for th'English old  
 (footing,  
 And from Sacrament Oaths of *North Heresi* root-  
 (ing,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From

From Judges with *Empson* and *Dudley's* In-  
(fection,  
From Knaves in Fools Coats, by *Infallible* Di-  
(rection,  
Raising Heretick Armies for the Roman Pro-  
(tection,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From threescore thousand Crowns, under Planet  
(malignant,  
Given *Loretto's* great Lady, that famous Heav'n-  
(Regnant,  
To purchase no more than a poor *Cushion Preg-*  
(nant,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From a Courage of Steel with Intellects Leaden,  
From Renouncing Three Crown<sup>s</sup>, and all for  
(God-Breden,  
To follow the Dance of *Christina* of Sweeden,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From

F I N I S.

